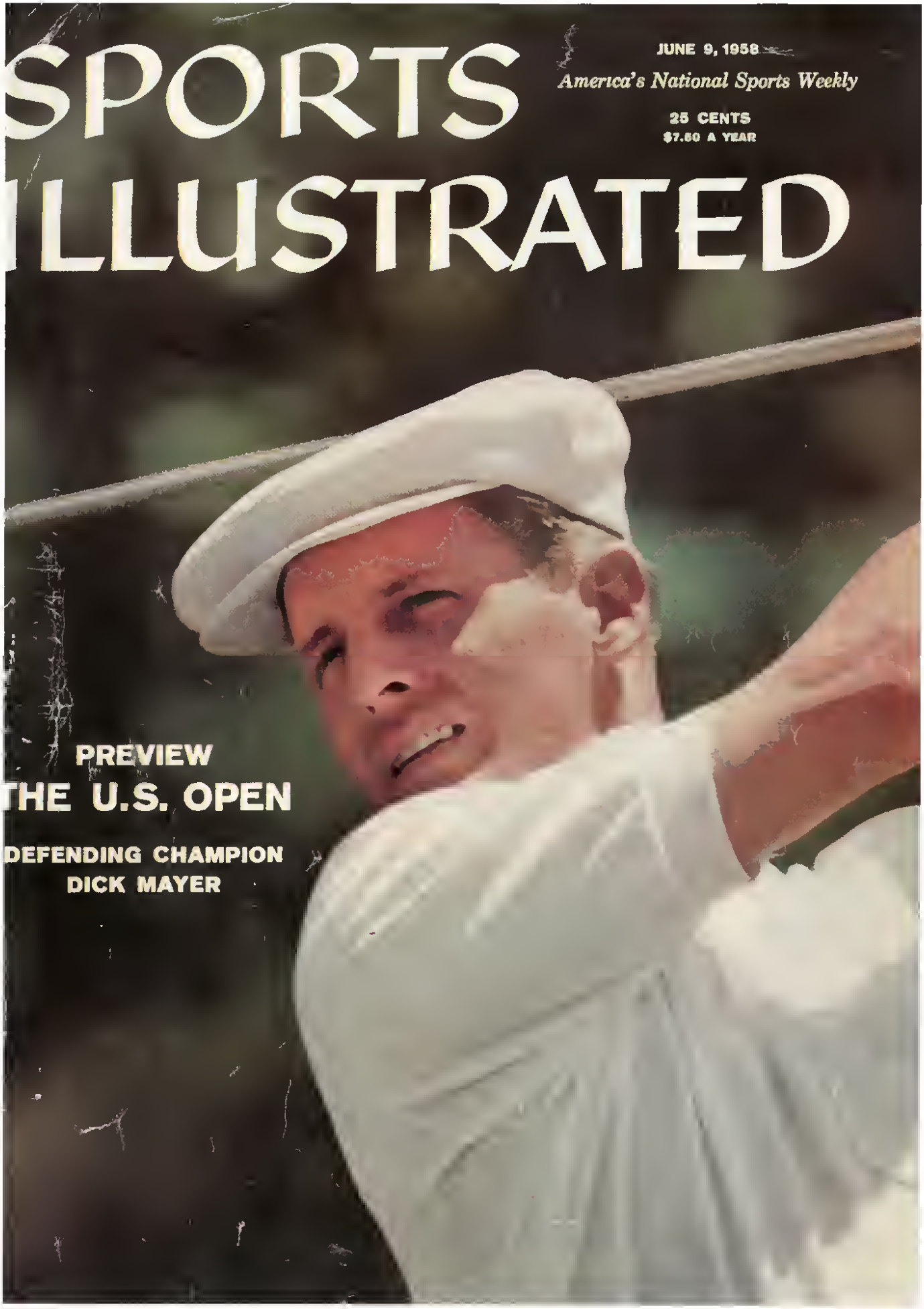
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 9, 1958
America's National Sports Weekly
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PREVIEW
THE U.S. OPEN

DEFENDING CHAMPION
DICK MAYER



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"The Freeway" styled by Rich Guild

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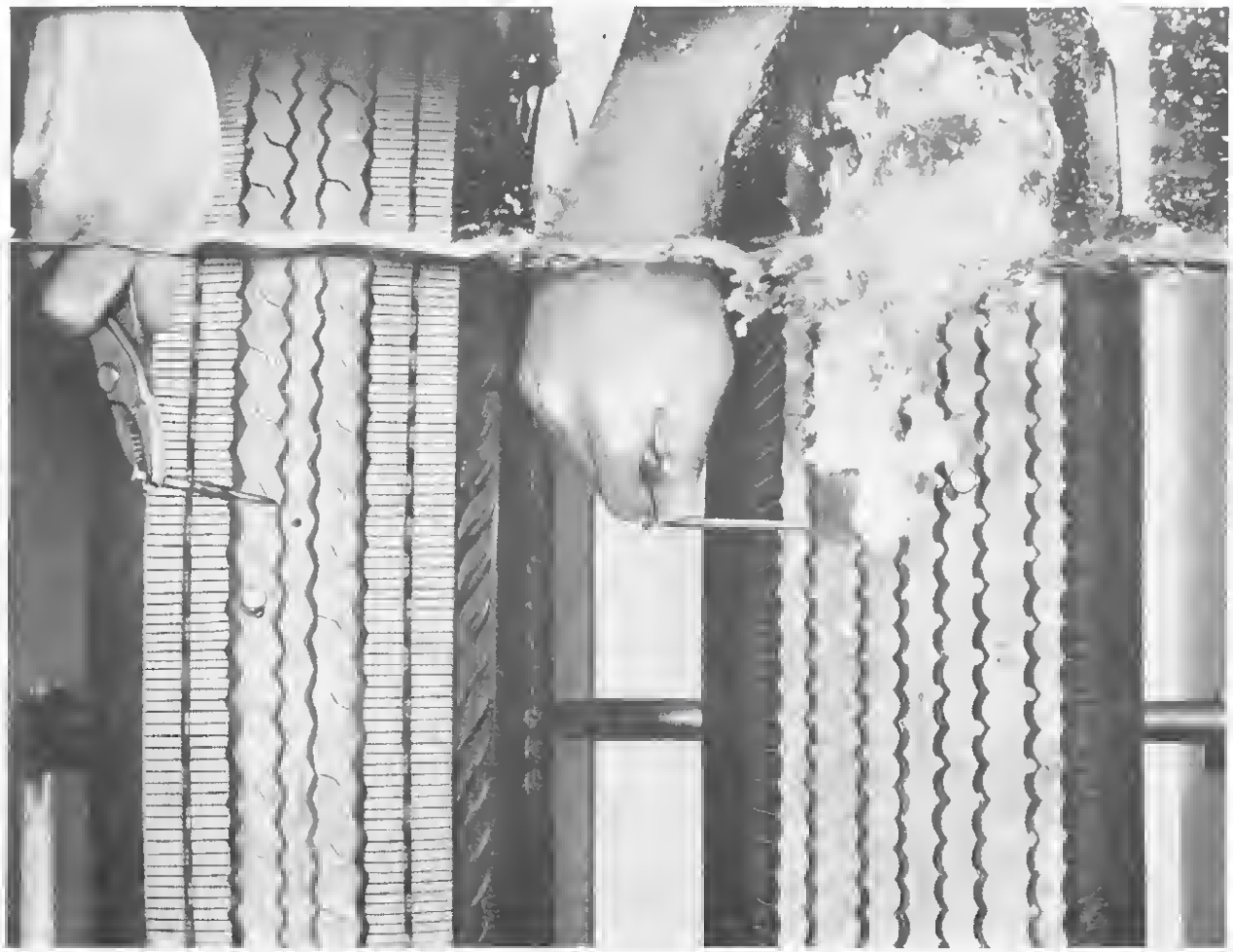
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Cover: Dick Mayer ▶

Blond Dick Mayer, who came out of relative obscurity to win the 1957 U.S. Open, will have to beat a tough course and a talented field if he is to retain his title next week.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ Despite an ailing leg, Lew Hoad will try to upset Pancho Gonzales in the Forest Hills pro tournament. Marvin Newman's color camera captures the two stars in action.

▶ A look at the San Francisco Giants, the team that made baseball's move to the West Coast a success and is the big news in a season which has been otherwise slow to excite.

▶ In *Georgie's Roaring River*, Joel Sayre introduces the world's most dangerous river —the Colorado—and the remarkable woman—Georgie White—who has conquered it.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

IN terms of physical hazards, perhaps the next thing to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel is running the torrential Colorado. There the similarity between the two exploits ends. For the first is a stunt as purposeless as walking blindfolded into a den of lions; the other is a feat demanding the utmost in human skill against almost demonic natural forces. It offers as reward not notoriety but a sense of triumph and a vista of some of the world's finest and most fearful scenery.

The lore of the Colorado River run, moreover, is a noble chapter in the winning of the West. The first complete run, led by the dauntless one-armed Major John Wesley Powell, began at Green River, Utah in May 1869. After more than 1,000 miles of unknown and unforeseeable water, the expedition ended at the mouth of the Virgin River in Nevada. Conquering the Grand Canyon, it conquered our final frontier, was the last important exploration within the continental U.S.

Although run many times since then, the Colorado remains an ultimate challenge in white water boating. Equipment has changed, but the river's rapids, as fierce as ever, have not.

In next week's issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Joel Sayre begins a two-part account of runs through the Colorado's two most formidable sections —the Grand Canyon and Cataract Canyon in Utah. An Indiana-born writer and reporter, the author of several bestsellers, including *Rackety Rax* and *Persian Gulf Command*, Sayre is a naturally venturesome spirit. At 17, for instance, he volunteered for the Canadian-Siberian Expeditionary Force in World War I. (According to his friend James Thurber, he recalls "Vladivostok the way most people think back on Paris.") Then he took a bachelor's degree at Oxford.

Sayre's first encounter with the Colorado came when he was 9 years old; a



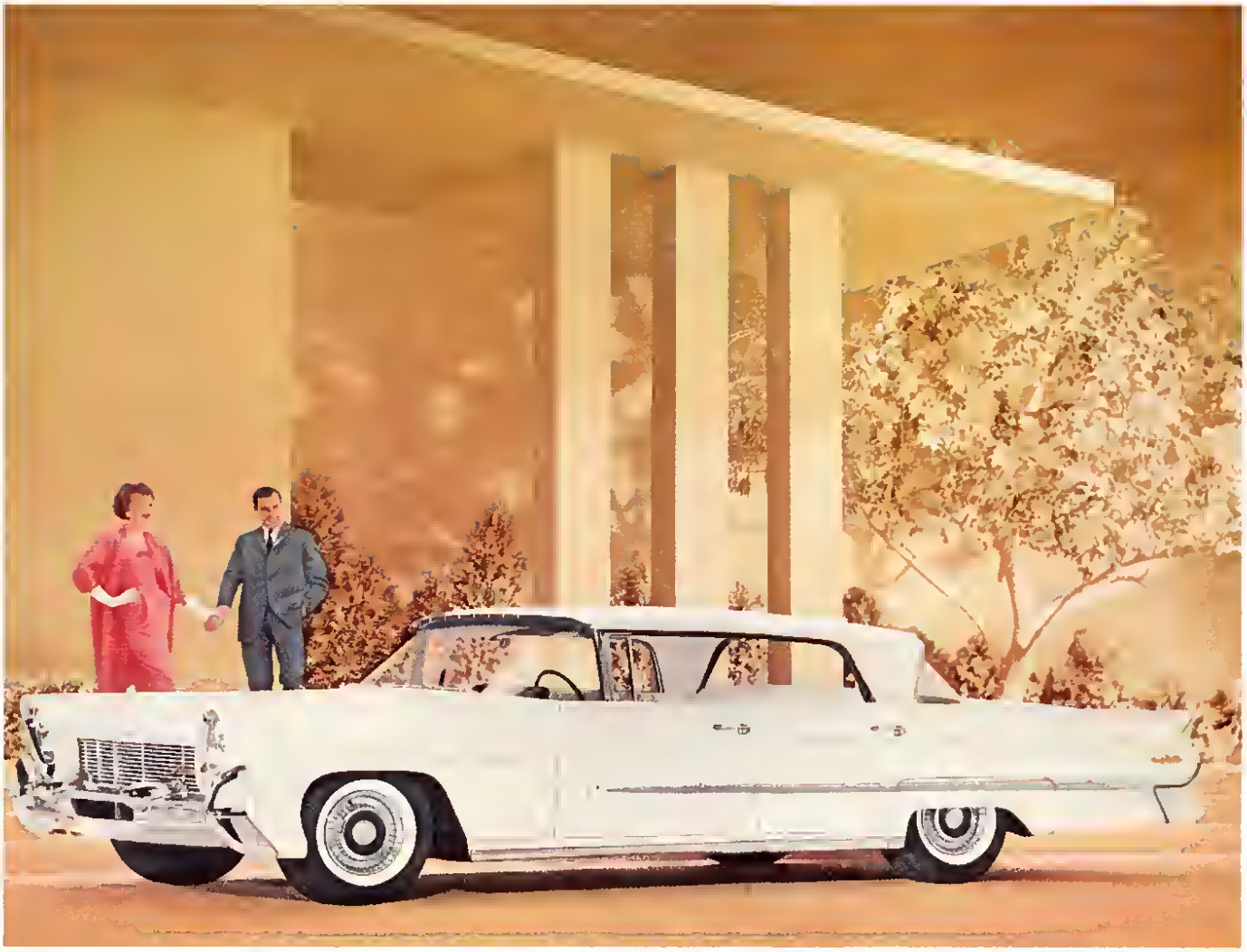
SAYRE AND THE COLORADO

lecturer's pictures of a trip down it terrified him. Forty-five years later he was terrified again. But this time, through the "vagaries of journalism," he was on it.

What happened, and how, are the text of Sayre's articles. They tell, too, of Georgie White, former cigaret girl, present vegetarian, who once crossed the continent on a bicycle—and is the only woman ever to become a professional boatman on "the most dangerous river in the world."

Harry Phillips

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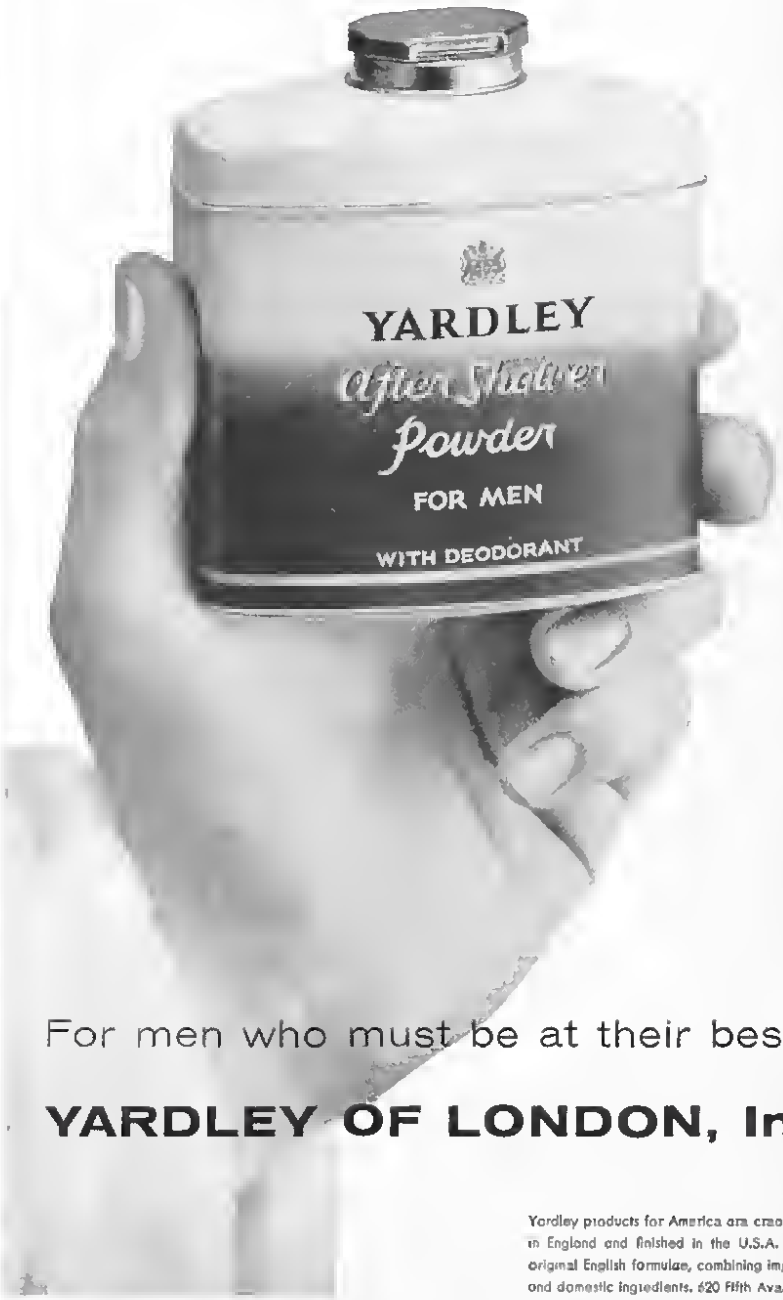
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RIGHT: *Ivy-Authentic Sport Coat, about $17. Matching Ivy-All or Post-Grad Slacks, pre-cuffed, about $6.*

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—BOBBY MORROW, back in Olympic form (*see below*), was jack rabbit-fast in California Relays at Modesto, anchored Abilene Christian teammates to pair of world records. Morrow followed Waymond Griggs, Bill Woodhouse and Jim Segrest to 39.7 clocking in 440-yard relay, came back to join George Peterson, Woodhouse and Segrest in 1:22.6 for 880-yard relay. California's Jack Yerman, Monty Upshaw, Willie White and Don Bowden also got into record-breaking act, raced through sprint medley in 3:18.8 to better American mark (May 31).

JAPANESE SWIMMERS, churning up just about everything in sight at Asian Games in Tokyo, overhauled one world mark when Backstroker Keiji Hase, Breaststroker Masaru Furukawa, Butterflyer Takashi Ishimoto, Freestyler Manabu Kogathrashed 400-meter medley in 4:17.2 (May 28).

CORSICAN, held off pace under Driver Pete Dailey's restraining touch, boomed home in stretch to win one-mile Jubilee Pace qualifying trial at Roosevelt Raceway in 2:01¾, fastest ever for 3-year-old gelding pacer on half-mile track (May 30).

BASEBALL—NEW YORK YANKEES began playing like mere mortals, dropped four straight to Kansas City and Washington before they recovered to beat Boston 5-4, 10-4 on Enos Slaughter's homer, Bob Turley's eighth pitching victory. But Athletics, in no mood to retreat, won six out of seven, moved within 6½ games of Yankees.

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS stumbled briefly, lost three in row to St. Louis before winning 7-2, but Milwaukee, faced with golden opportunity, was hardly up to taking charge against Cards and Pittsburgh, still trailed by one game at week's end.

USC, rated college baseball's top team (*see page 32*), blanked Oregon State 7-0, 15-0 for PCC title, moved step closer to NCAA finals at Omaha June 13-18.

HORSE RACING—BOLD RULER, lugging 135 pounds, appeared feather-light as Eddie Arcaro sent him charging through stretch to head off Tick Tock and Gallant Man (*see below*) in $58,800 Carter Handicap at Belmont. But another odds-on favorite at same track had no such luck earlier in week when unbeaten Idun, last year's 2-year-old filly champion, lagged badly, finished fading fourth to Calumet's A Glitter in Liberty Purse.

BOXING—ARCHIE MOORE, still sporting bulging 196 pounds, jabbed and hooked frustrated Charlie Norkus silly for 10 rounds, occasionally obliged with stiff right-hand shots to head when crowd of 3,500 became too complaining, walked off with easy decision at San Francisco. Explained crafty Archie, who is plotting campaign for another shot at Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson: "I was scientific rather than spectacular."

KENNY LANE, No. 1 lightweight challenger, snapped out of lethargy to finish off overmatched Davey Dupas with eye-glazing left hook in sixth at Dallas, may soon get long-delayed bout with Champion Joe Brown in Dallas or Houston, depending upon which produces biggest bundle of loot for Brown's manager, Lou Viscusi.

WORLD BOXING COMMISSION, meeting in strife-torn Paris, settled battle of its own, accepted resignation of rebellious NBA; Huffed World Boxing Commission President Julius Helfand: "A small ruling clique that does not want to be bound by a world decision even if their action is not in the interest of boxing."

LACROSSE—ARMY stickmen wielded their baskets effectively against Navy at West Point, came away with 17-12 victory to end first unbeaten season and lay solid claim to national open, college titles.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—JIMMY BRYAN became U.S. racing's biggest man when he barely missed tragic 12-car crash which took life of young Pat O'Connor (*see* "Mileposts"), snarled his squatty Belond Special at 133.791-mph average to win Memorial Day 500-miler, share of $105,574 in prize money, buss from Actress Shirley MacLaine at Indianapolis (*see page 18*). NASCAR staged own 500-mile race at Trenton (N.J.) Speedway, where Glenn Roberts hauled down big prize (*see page 12*).

WALT HANSGEN, at wheel of Lister-Jag, took on old sparring partner Ed Crawford, in another Lister-Jag, jockeyed in and out of lead five times before winning 75-mile SCCA feature at Bridgehampton, N.Y. with 84.9-mph average, now has 5,000 points in race for national title.

STIRLING MOSS, with only occasional relief from Copilot Jack Brabham, nervelessly nursed his green Aston Martin around Nurburgring's hazardous hairpin curves, showed his exhaust to Ferrari stable to win 621.40-mile endurance race with 84.2-mph average. Ferraris took next four places but failed to clinch world manufacturer's championship. Runners-up: Britain's intrepid Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins, who sped along at 83.4 mph clip.

TRACK & FIELD—RON DELANY, Villanova's ambling Irishman, closed out brilliant college career, pitter-pattering mile in 4:07.8, half-mile in 1:50 to help Wildcats hold off Penn State for IC4A title at Philadelphia. Other Villanova winners: Phil Reavis, who soared 6 feet 10 inches in high jump; Ed Collymore, who burst home first in 220 in 20.3 after trailing La Salle's Ira Davis in 9.6 hundred, John Buckley, who leaped 25 feet ¼ inches in broad jump. Only other double winner: Harvard Hurdler Joel Landau, who scissored over 120-yard highs in 14.2 and 220-yard lows in 22.9.

HERB ELLIOTT, hustling Aussie miler, running without benefit of pacer, spurted into lead at halfway point, stretched his legs to beat Hungarian Laszlo Tabori, now running for Santa Clara Youth Village, by 10 yards in 4:02.7 at California Relays in Modesto. Shrugged Elliott: "Some days you have it, some days you don't."

continued

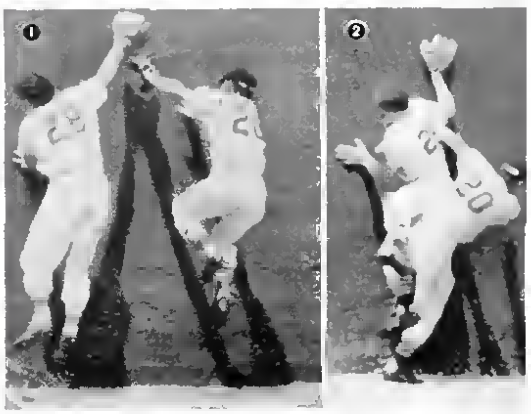
focus on the deed . . .



DRIVING FINISH by Bobby Morrow (*left*) nips straining Willie White (*right*) and Ray Norton in 100 in 9.4, at California Relays.



HUSTLING HOOFS of Bold Ruler carry Eddie Arcaro, who glances backward at field, across finish line in Carter Handicap at Belmont.



LEAPING CARDS Cunningham (28) and Moon crash into wall (1), then collide (2) in attempt to collar Giant Cepeda's long drive.

"Hey, Noah, where'd you park the ark?"



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SCOREBOARD *continued*

ASIAN GAMES—JAPAN, scoring heavily in all sports, piled up 67 gold medals, turned 20-nation Asian Games into display of native supremacy at Tokyo. Outstanding exception Nationalist China's Yang Chuan-kuang, 6-foot ¾-inch 176-pounder, who scored 7,101 points in decathlon, earned three months of special training in U.S.

BOATING—WASHINGTON, stroking powerfully and grimly in face of stubborn challenge by British Columbia, glided over finish by less than boat length on Seattle's breeze-ruffled Lake Washington, still unbeaten and looking forward to Henley.

HORSE SHOW—ADOLPHE MOGAVERO, little Oak Ridge Farm show jockey, rode off with six blues, guided First Chance to jumper title, Sonora to reserve championship to earn biggest plaudits at Devon, Pa.

MILEPOSTS—DIED—PAT O'CONNOR, 29, personable racing veteran who broke in as driver in 1948, logged almost 2,000 miles at Brickyard since his first Indianapolis "500" in 1954, chief test driver for Firestone; of fractured skull, when car flipped, burned in first-lap pileup at Indianapolis (*see page 18*).

DIED—ABBOTT HODGE BRUSH, 32, Greenwich, Conn. nut and bolt manufacturer, dedicated racing amateur, vice-president of Westchester SCC; of broken neck, when his Porsche Carrera rolled over on curve during 15-lap race, at Bridgehampton, N.Y.

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING—*NAVY, over Wisconsin, by 2 lengths, in 9:07.5 for 1¾ miles, Madison, Wis.*
MISS U.S. I, driven by Freddie Alter, Detroit, International Cup Regatta, with 1,000 pts., Elizabeth City, N.C.

BOXING—*SPIDER WEBB, 10-round decision over Jimmy Beecham, middleweights, Miami Beach*
BOBBY SCANLON, 10-round decision over Bobby Rogers, lightweights, Chicago

FIGURE SKATING—*RONNY ROBERTSON, U.S., world pro title, with 58.2 pts., Nottingham, England. Women's title: Cathie Machado, U.S., with 57.5 pts.*

GOLF—*LOUISE SUGGS, Sea Island, Ga., Gatlinburg (Tenn.) Open, with 222 for 54 holes.*

HARNESS RACING—*DEMON RUM: $25,000 American Trotting Championship, 1¼ m., by 1¼ lengths, in 2:05½, Roosevelt Raceway. Cecil Champion, driver.*

HORSE RACING—*HOOP BAND: $56,450 Balmoral Turf H., 1⅛ m., by ½ length, in 1:48⅘, Washington Pk. Charley Burr up.*
OLIGARCHY: $33,175 Camden H., 1¼ m., by ½ length, in 1:43, Garden State. Howard Grant up.
TUDOR ERA: $29,250 Branaywine Turf H., 1 1/16 m., by ¾ length, in 1:42⅘, Delaware Pk. Logan Batchelor up.
SWOON'S SON: $27,425 Clang H., 7 f., by 2¾ lengths, in 1:23⅘, Washington Pk. Dave Erb up.

HURLING—*NEW YORK ALL-STARS, over Kilkenny, 30-15, New York.*

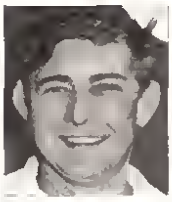
INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*EDDIE GRAY, Gardena, Calif., NASCAR 500-mile stock car race, in 6:17, in 1957 Ford, Riverside, Calif.*
ALLEN HEATH, Northridge, Calif., 500-m. midget race, in 5:58.44, in Ford V8 '60, Riverside, Calif.
BUD ROSE, S. Pasadena, 500-m. big car race, in 5:54.7, in Clark Gable Special, Riverside, Calif.

IRISH FOOTBALL—*NEW YORK ALL-STARS, over Louth, 24-14, New York.*

SOCCER—*REAL MADRID, over A. C. Milan, 3-2, European championship, Brussels.*

TENNIS—*LEW HOAD, over Pancho Gonzales, 9-7, 6-5, Santa Barbara. Gonzales leads pro tour, 48-36.*

faces in the crowd . . .



GLEN (Fireball) ROBERTS, Daytona Beach leadfoot who has found it hard to win, highballed around Trenton Speedway at 84.522 mph in 1957 Chevy, won $7,500 in Northern 500, NASCAR's answer to Indy.



NORM VAN BROCKLIN, brilliant Los Angeles passing star who recently said he would no longer play for Rams because of differences with Coach Sid Gillman, was traded away, will do his flinging for Philadelphia.



DOUG SANDERS, 24, one-time U. of Florida golfer and only amateur to win Canadian Open, made first big strike as pro, breezing home with last-round 68 while leaders faltered, won Western Open, with 275 at Detroit.



TSUYOSHI YAMANAKA, beetle-browed young Japanese with meffably calm manner, stoked up on daily quota of rice, speed-crawled 400-meter freestyle in 4:23.9, 200 meters in 2:03.6 to better listed world records at Tokyo.



TONY STREMIC, block-built Navy wrestler and All-East football guard who starred in last Cotton Bowl game, was selected as winner of U.S. Naval Academy AA sword as best athlete among graduating midshipmen.



BILL TINDALL, beardless 14-year-old son of golf pro, proved at least one boy can do man's errand, shooting 213 for 54 holes, then winning pressure playoff for Seattle amateur title from 36-year-old Clarence Smith.



TOM HENNESSEY, 33, of St. Louis' famed Budweisers, who last month won national doubles title with Don Carter, was on his own in ABC Masters at Syracuse, N.Y., outrolled Lou Frantz in final to clinch championship.

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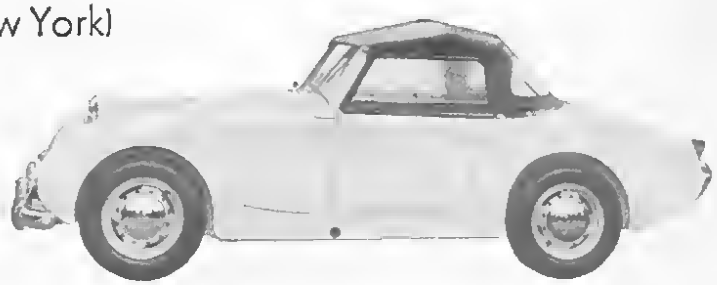


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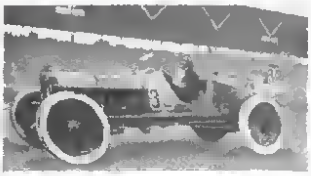
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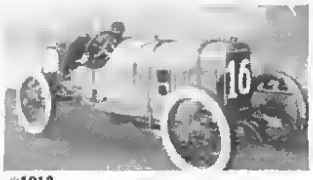
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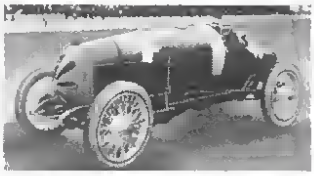
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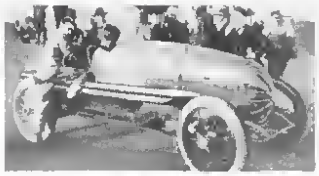
1911 *Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.*



*1913 *Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.*



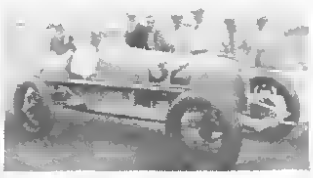
*1920 *Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.*



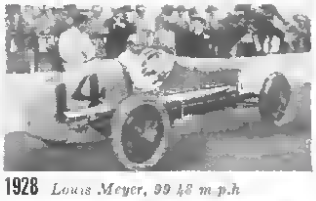
1921 *Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.*



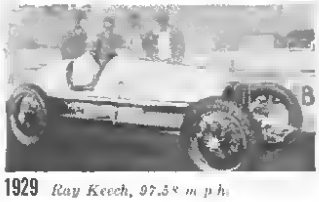
1926 *Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.*



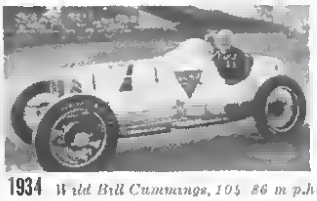
1927 *George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.*



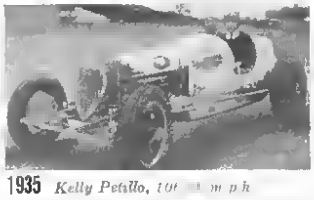
1928 *Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.*



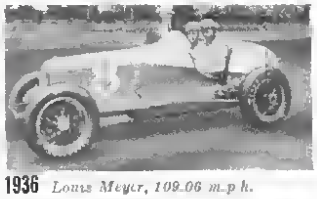
1929 *Ray Keech, 97.58 m.p.h.*



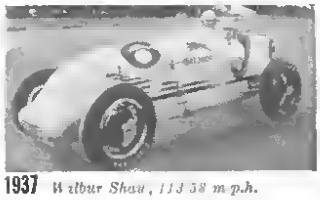
1934 *Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.*



1935 *Kelly Petillo, 106.[illegible] m.p.h.*



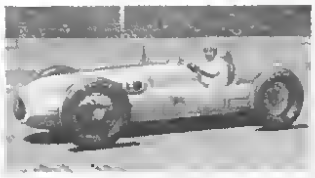
1936 *Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.*



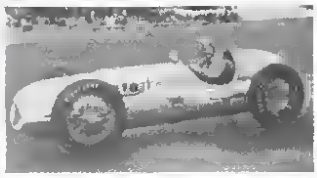
1937 *Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.*



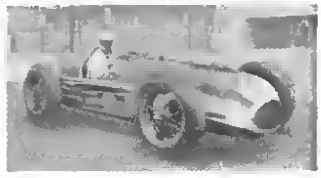
*1946 *George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.*



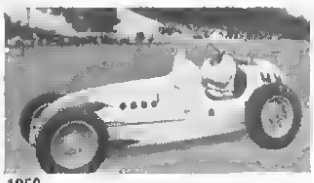
1947 *Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.*



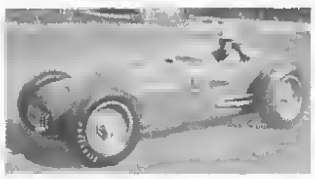
1948 *Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.*



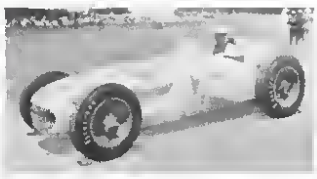
1949 *Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.*



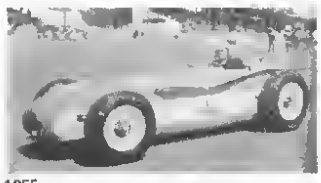
1952 *Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.*



1953 *Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.*



1954 *Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.*



1955 *Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.*

FIRESTONE RUBBER

makes tire history in Firestone's 35th consecutive

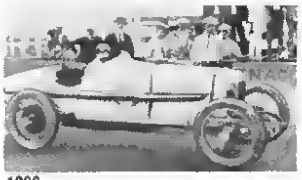


Jimmy Bryan, 1958 Indianapolis winner at 133.791 m.p.h. says:

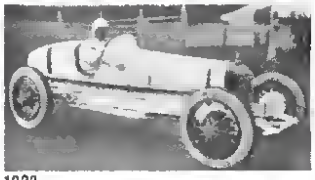
"No driver is better than his tires. That's why it's comfortable to know you're on Firestones when you're leading a fast '500' field. Firestones are your best safety insurance on the highway, too."

Again, in open speedway competition, records show that winning drivers insist on Firestone tires. In this year's 500-mile classic at Indianapolis, Firestones were on the winning car for a history-making 35th race in a row—and there's a good reason! The hard school of racing experience has convinced "500" drivers that only Firestones are tough enough to pass this supreme test of tire engineering.

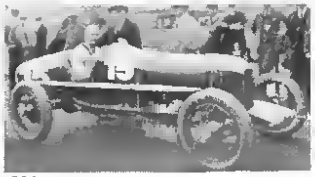
To meet the challenge of the "500" in 1958, Firestone came up with something entirely new. They combined a new kind of rubber—Firestone Rubber-X—with S F (Safety-Fortified) Nylon. The result: a new tire to withstand the torturing test of the "500" like no other tire made. All this adds up to better tires for you—and here's why:



1922 *Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.*



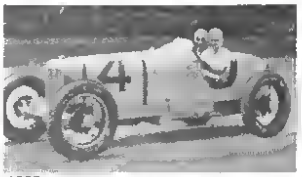
1923 *Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.*



1924 *L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.*



1925 *Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.*



1930 *Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.*



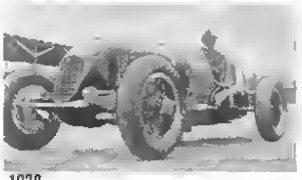
1931 *Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.*



1932 *Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.*



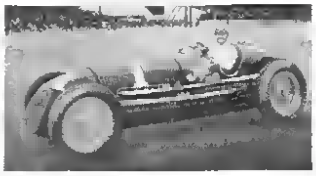
1933 *Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.*



1938 *Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.*



1939 *Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.*



1940 *Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.*

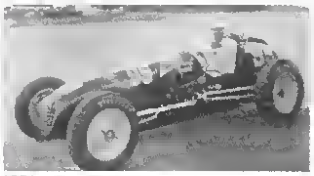


***1941** *Mauri Rose, Floyd Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.*

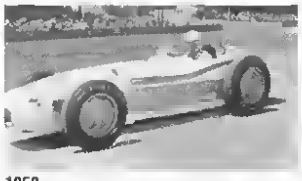
*No races during the war years



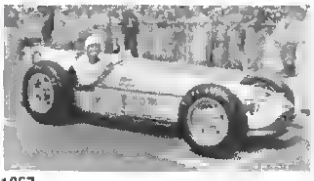
1950 *Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.*



1951 *Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.*



1956 *Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.*



1957 *Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.*

—X

"500" win at Indianapolis!

Months of testing prove Firestone Rubber-X is the longest wearing material ever used in tires. Its new toughness now adds extra safety to every Firestone tire—regardless of price. And Firestone's exclusive S/F Nylon construction offers unmatched protection from heat and impact damage. Best of all, Firestone offers you proof of performance—through speedway research that results in greater highway safety.

You'll find tires of Firestone Rubber-X at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Be sure to specify them when you order your new car! Put them on your present car—buy them on convenient terms if you wish at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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BRANDY DIST. CORP., 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.
CALIFORNIA GRAPE BRANDY. 84 PROOF

COMING EVENTS

June 6 to 15

◉ *Television*
★ *Color television*
■ *Network radio*
All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

Friday, June 6

AUTO RACING
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile Race, $4,200, Bishopville, S.C.

BASEBALL
■ Chicago Cubs vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual).

BOXING
◉ Virgil Akins vs. Vince Martinez, welterweight
■ title bout, 15 rds., St. Louis, 10 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
Sunnehanna Amateur, Johnstown, Pa. (through June 8)

HORSE RACING
(Trotters)
The Jubilee (3-yr.-old pace), $20,000, Westbury, N.Y.
Buffalo Trotting Derby Final, $20,000, Hamburg, N.Y.
The Transamerica (pace), $10,000, Hazel Park, Mich.

SHOOTING
North-South Skeet Shoot Open, Washington, D.C. (through June 8).

TRACK & FIELD
NAIA Championships, San Diego (also June 7).
Compton Relays, Compton, Calif.
British Columbia Centennial Meet, Vancouver, B.C. (also June 7).

Saturday, June 7

AUTO RACING
USAC Sprint Car Race, 15 miles, Sandusky, Ohio

BASEBALL
◉ New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians, New
■ York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS-TV, Mutual-radio)
◉ Boston Red Sox vs. Chicago White Sox, Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)

HORSE RACING
◉ The Belmont, $100,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1½ m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
■ Argonaut Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 8:25 p.m. (NBC).
The Beverly, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up (fillies and mares), 1 m., Balmoral at Washington Park, Ill.
Kent Stakes, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m., Delaware Park, Del.

LACROSSE
Intercollegiate North-South All-Star Game, Garden City, N.Y.

TENNIS
Pro Tour: Hoad vs. Gonzales, Newport Beach, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD
Meet of Champions, Houston.

WEIGHT LIFTING
National Teen-Age Championships, York, Pa.

Sunday, June 8

AUTO RACING
NASCAR "Old Dominion 500" Championship Race, Convertible Division, $10,000, 250 miles, Martinsville, Va.
USAC "Big Car" 100-mile Championships, Milwaukee

BASEBALL
◉ New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)

TENNIS
Pro Tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, La Jolla, Calif.
USLTA Texas Sectional Championships, Austin, Texas (through June 15).

Monday, June 9

BOXING
◉ Tony De Cola vs. Peter Schmidt, welterweights, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (DuMont).

GOLF
NAIA Golf Championship, Beaumont, Texas (through June 11).
Women's Trans-Mississippi Golf Tournament, Springfield, Mo. (through June 14).

TENNIS
Eastern Intercollegiate Championship, Hamilton, N.Y. (through June 14)
Southern Championships, Memphis (through June 15).

Tuesday, June 10

BASEBALL
■ Chicago Cubs vs. Milwaukee Braves, Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual).

FISHING
Collegiate Game Fish Match and Seminar, Barnstable, Mass. (through June 14)

HORSE RACING
Honeymoon Stakes, $20,000, 3-yr.-olds (fillies), 1 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

Wednesday, June 11

AUTO RACING
NASCAR Grand National Division 50-mile Race, $4,200, Bradford, Pa.

BOXING
◉ Joey Giardello vs. Franz Szuzina, middleweights, 10 rds., Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (ABC).

HORSE RACING
Bowling Green Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 3/8 m. (turf course), Belmont Park, N.Y.

Thursday, June 12

GOLF
◉ U.S. Open, $30,000, Tulsa, Okla. (through June 14, NBC)*
Women's Triangle Round Robin, $12,500, Marblehead, Mass. (through June 15).

HORSE RACING
Golden State Breeders Handicap, $20,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

RODEO
Frontier Days Rodeo, $5,625, Wichita, Kans. (through June 15)

TRACK & FIELD
United States Air Force Worldwide Championships, Riverside, Calif. (through June 14).

Friday, June 13

AUTO RACING
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile Race, $4,200, Rochester.

BASEBALL
National Collegiate Championship, Omaha (through June 17).

BOATING
(Crew)
Harvard-Yale Race, Thames River, New London, Conn.

BOXING
◉ Harold Carter vs. Willi Besmanoff, heavy-
● weights, 10 rds., Mad Sq. Garden, New York, 10:30 p.m. (NBC)

TRACK & FIELD
NCAA Championships, Berkeley, Calif. (also June 14)
All-Marine Corps Championships, Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Saturday, June 14

BASEBALL
◉ Baltimore Orioles vs. Chicago White Sox, Baltimore, 2 p.m. (NBC).
◉ St. Louis Cardinals vs. Milwaukee Braves, St. Louis, 2:15 p.m. (CBS)

BOATING
Newport to Bermuda 635-mile Ocean Race.
Detroit Memorial, unlimited hydros, Detroit (also June 15)
(Crew)
Wisconsin vs. California, Madison, Wis.

HORSE RACING
◉ Metropolitan Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
The Citation, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 m., Balmoral-at-Washington Park, Ill.

TENNIS
Professional Tournament, Forest Hills, N.Y. (through June 22).

Sunday, June 15

AUTO RACING
Sports Car Club of America National Championship Race, Lime Rock, Conn.
USAC "Big Car" 100-mile Championship Race, Langhorne, Pa.
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile Race, $4,200, Reading, Pa.

BASEBALL
◉ New York Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS).

BOATING
American Power Boat Association Canyon Country River Marathon, Greenriver, Utah.

TENNIS
Play-Tennis Week (through June 21).

*See local listing.

"Gramercy 17"—17" overall diagonal measurement—155 sq. inches of picture area

NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC "DESIGNER SERIES"





belongs anywhere—moves anywhere—works anywhere

Look! This is the clean break in television design—the new "Designer Series" by General Electric. The cabinet looks less than hand-span deep. This slim beauty *belongs* in your smartest room.

Watch! Works wherever a console will, with console chassis, full-power transformer. Built-in antenna, too.

Listen! It even sounds like a console with its up-front speaker.

Lift! Recessed handles make it a snap to carry the "Designer" room to room.

Choose! The "Gramercy 17" (above) dresses in Aqua Blue, Dove Gray or Modern Mahogany. Smart price tag, too.

Buy now for extra values.

"Barclay 21"—21" overall diagonal measurement—262 sq. inches of picture area. Colors: Russet leather finish vinyl or Stargold linen finish vinyl

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
JUNE 9, 1958



THE FATAL GAMBLE

SOARING ABOVE SPINNING CAR OF JIMMY REECE, WHICH IT STRUCK, PAT O'CONNOR'S RACER (4) BEGINS TO ROLL OVER. AT LEFT

Ed Elisian made it and lost it, his first-lap spin touching off a hideous 13-car crash in the Indy '500' which killed Pat O'Connor

by KENNETH RUDEEN

THE DAY arrived clear and hot, bringing a breeze from the southwest. With all due pageantry—balloons ascending, bombs bursting, a band marching—the 42nd Indianapolis 500-mile race was begun. Into the first mildly banked 90° turn went the 33 racers, the fastest field in the old Speedway's history. Then through the short straightaway at the south end of the 2½-mile track they sped, through the second turn and up the backstretch, gathering momentum.

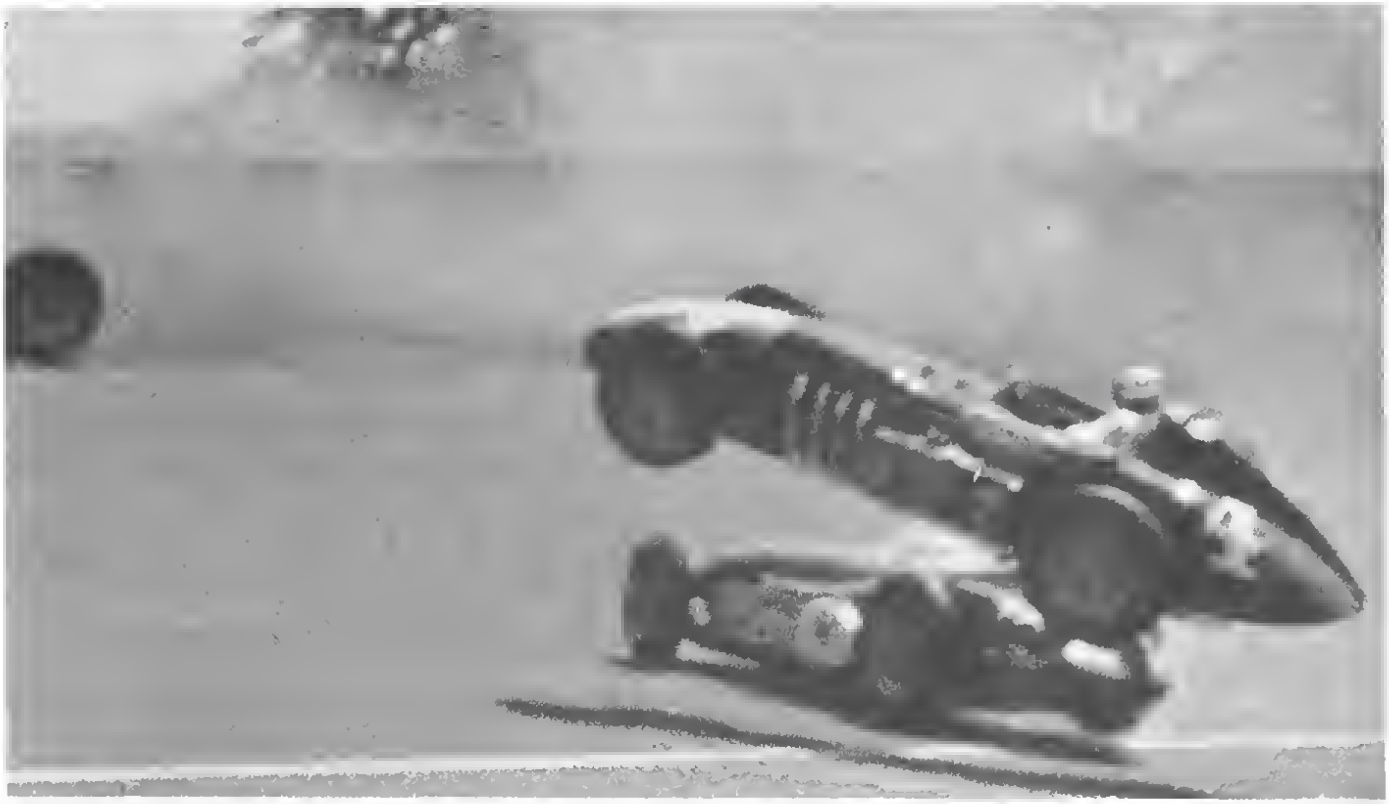
Dick Rathmann, the fastest man in qualifying trials, a tough and determined driver who had had more lean years than fat, was first into the third turn. Traveling at more than 130 mph, he went low into the turn, at the inside, safely in the "groove." There was no safe passage abreast of him (he said later) for any other car. Nevertheless, one man attempted to find room. He drove "under" (inside of) Rathmann in the turn, and that gamble by Ed Elisian caused a chain reaction of violence which killed the personable and wonderfully gifted driver Pat O'Connor, sent Rookie Jerry Unser over the low concrete guard wall and removed 13 cars from effective competition before the race was one lap old.

Only a few thousand of the approximately 200,000 spectators saw the calamitous events at that rather remote corner of the track (which encloses a very large infield). The great throng alongside and at the end of the homestretch was profoundly shocked upon counting the missing as the survivors completed the lap.

The first of the fortunates who threaded safely through the unprecedented wreckage in the third turn was the eventual winner, Jim Bryan, who had started in the third row of the field. After him came the remaining unscathed survivors, then the few cars which managed to reach the pits, though battered.

At the outset the cars were to have formed up in 11 rows of three behind the pace car in the course of two nonracing laps after departing singly from the pits along the homestretch. This method worked poorly when first used last year (two cars were wrecked in the scramble for assigned positions), and atrociously last week. Rathmann, at the head of the line of cars in the pits, was shoved off by his mechanics after his engine was revved up. The pace car, however, was not yet in position to lead the field. Elisian and Jimmy Reece, the other front-row drivers, quickly followed Rathmann, and all three moved off ahead of the pace car, which then picked up the balance of the cars as they began to emerge.

Driven by the 1957 winner, Sam Hanks, and carrying Speedway Owner Tony Hulman, the pace car pulled into the pits again two laps later as if to acknowledge a proper start. But the front-row men were half a lap ahead. They decided not to wait, but to catch up with the remaining cars, and not the least of the day's shocks was the sight of Rathmann speeding down into the homestretch on the inside of the massed field next time around as Elisian and Reece caught up on the outside. The front-row men dashed into position at the head of the field and the race was on, finally, as they crossed the starting line in the prearranged order.



ED ELISIAN'S CAR (5) CRASHES DICK RATHMANN'S INTO THE WALL. BOB VEITH'S CAR (LEFT CENTER) STARTED REECE'S SPIN

Many persons who could not see the accidents in the third turn believed the chaotic start to be directly responsible. This was not the case. The field was in reasonably good order as the racing actually began, and the first two of the track's four turns were negotiated safely. Obviously, however, the prerace laps did not achieve their intended effect of setting down 33 highly strung drivers for the dangerous business of the first few racing laps, in which the field is bunched and the cars are difficult to manage because of heavy fuel loads. Undoubtedly the front-row men were keyed up beyond the normal. Psychologically, then, the start may well have had some bearing upon the disaster.

What specifically started the chain of accidents was this: Elisian, driving the first truly competitive car he has had for a "500," wanting very badly to win if only to pay his debts ("I owe $30,000"), lost control of his car as he passed the flying Rathmann. Rathmann could not find racing room, spun and crashed into the wall at the outside of the turn. Elisian's gyrating car bumped Rathmann's into the wall again, all but severing the front of it behind the wheels. Rathmann blacked out for a few minutes; Elisian was unhurt.

Hard behind the front pair came Reece, a buoyant type with strong nerves and stomach, who had breakfasted on steak, Pepsi-Cola and hominy. He "had Elisian missed" when Bob Veith's car struck his from behind. That spun Reece's car around. In the wink of an eyelash O'Connor was fatally trapped.

O'Connor, Veith and Johnnie Parsons, the 1950 winner, had been in the second row at the start. Now O'Connor's blue No. 4 racer struck Reece's car head on and started to climb over it, ripping off the headrest and bending the roll bar behind it as Reece ducked. O'Connor's car soared, rolling sideways, then descended and crashed into the pavement upside down. He probably was killed at that moment—mercifully, because the car caught fire after bouncing upright, skidding into the wall of the short north straightaway and bouncing back into the middle of the asphalt track.

When Reece looked up again, he was pointed in the right direction ("the Lord was steering for me"), the engine was still running and he made his way to the pits. After hasty

continued on page 68



GAMBLER ELISIAN: "MAYBE I DID . . ."



WINNER BRYAN: "IF IT'S YOUR DAY . . ."

WESTERN CAUCUS OF THE

Two tremendous races pit members of the world's most exclusive fraternity

Not since Roger Bannister collared John Landy in the stretch at Vancouver three years ago has a mile race so clearly matched the world's best runners. When Herb Elliott, the brilliant young Australian, faces Ireland and Villanova's Ron Delany (not to mention a couple of slowpokes named Laszlo Tabori and Don Bowden) on the starting line in Compton, Calif. Friday night, track lovers are promised a classic contest of the runner (racing against the clock) and the racer (racing against the competition). Delany, the lean, shoulder-hunching Irishman who hasn't lost a mile race since last July, has no more concern for time than Rip Van Winkle; Elliott, on the other hand, is a rare miler who can either pace himself well (as he often does) or fight off the opposition with a tremendous finishing splurge through the final quarter. If Elliott can pull Delany through a too-fast first three quarters, then retain his long kick through the anchor lap, he has a good chance to beat the Olympic champ, possibly set a record.



RON DELANY: 3:58.8

He depends on his driving finish to win, but his best time was in London in July 1957, behind Ibbotson. He has an odd running style, head bobbing, shoulders jerking, but his stride is silken smooth and he is a brilliant, resourceful strategist.

VANCOUVER CHAPTER MEETING

At Vancouver, on the site—and almost on the fourth anniversary—of the history-making Bannister-Landy mile, it is very likely that one of four runners will better the winning time of 3:58.8 for that race. Derek Ibbotson has rounded into condition slowly this season; he finished fifth in 4:10 in a meet in England last week, but he has, to a remarkable degree, the faculty to force himself to meet an occasion. He faces another of Australia's great milers in Merv Lincoln, who has made a career recently of pushing Elliott to sub-4-minute miles. Ibbotson, who won what is, up to now, probably the greatest mile of all time, can hang on through a fast early pace and have enough kick left for a whistling finish. That greatest mile was on July 19 in London, when he led the pack home in 3:57.2 in a race in which the fifth-place finisher, Poland's Stefan Lewandoski, ran 4:00.6. Lewandoski, with Alex Henderson, an Australian now attending Arizona State, completes a quartet of milers, all of whom are capable of bettering four minutes. Since Lincoln is fond of holding off the pace and kicking through the last 330 yards, and Ibbotson is no pace setter, the responsibility for a record-permitting half and three-quarter time may rest with Henderson, a good racer who recently set a new American mark in the two-mile.

DEREK IBBOTSON: 3:57.2

Off form since his great mile last year, he will be testing himself in this race after rather leisurely early-season conditioning.



4-MINUTE CLUB



HERB ELLIOTT: 3:57.8

Youngest of the great milers, he may be the greatest of all before he is through running. Although his 3:57.8 mile at Los Angeles three weeks ago was tainted by the use of a pacer, he has already been under four minutes four times, will be again.



LASZLO TABORI: 3:59

Now training with fellow ex-Hungarian Mihaly Igloi in adopted state of California, is reaching his peak form of 1955.



DON BOWDEN: 3:58.7

Combines tremendous speed, timing as precise as a metronome with power. Ran his best mile at Stockton, Calif. in 1957.

MERV LINCOLN: 3:58.9

A Delany-type runner who depends on late splurge, he is vulnerable to bristling early speed which takes away his kick.



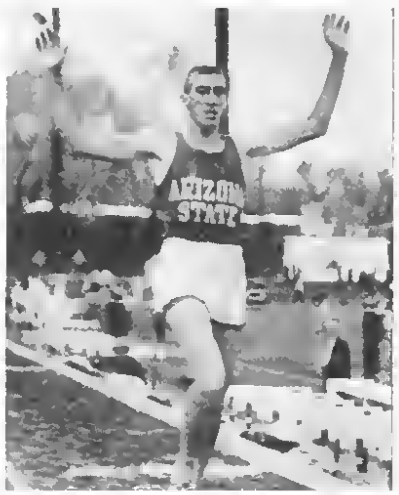
STEFAN LEWANDOSKI: 4:00.9

May be in over his head in this competition; he finished tired in Ibbotson's record mile at London, fading at the end.



ALEX HENDERSON: 4:03.1

A tremendous two-miler who ran his best mile this season, has improved rapidly, is likely new nominee for 4-minute club.



SPECTACLE
Photographed by Sam and Jim Vestal

Bartenders' Recipe for a Dry Lake

When road racing had to be abandoned at Del Monte two years ago, the local bartenders' union spear-headed a new and beautiful course at nearby Laguna Seca

In a setting of exceptional beauty on the Monterey Peninsula, between the Pacific Ocean and the lovely Salinas valley, with the foothills of John Steinbeck's wild Santa Lucia mountains beyond, lies the Laguna Seca race course. It is one of the newest and best of this country's half dozen spanking new road-racing circuits, and it is an object of particular pride in the eyes of the sports car devotees in and around San Francisco. Nob Hill will empty, so to speak; outlanders will congregate; and, in all, some 50,000 persons will fleck the adjacent hillsides next weekend when Laguna Seca stages its second race meeting.

A story goes with it. Latter-day Forty-Niners brought news of the postwar sports car movement from the East. In 1950 they tried it at Palm Springs in the South and at Pebble Beach on the Peninsula. For seven years some of the best sports car racing in the U.S. was seen at the exhilarating, but hazardous, Pebble Beach road course (also well known as Del Monte, after the property owners). Then, in 1956, a driver was killed and the course was closed.

A revival movement soon started, led by Lou Gold, an official of the local waiters and bartenders union (a powerful group in tourist-crowded Monterey). A civic group raised money and negotiated for a quiet corner of the Army's nearby Fort Ord.



It was a success story. Scenes on the following four pages are from the inaugural Sports Car Club of America races last November, at which 50,000 spectators had an extraordinarily clear view of some extraordinarily fine racing. Laguna Seca, the normally dry lake for which the course was named (*see photograph at left*), is no longer dry after a season of heavy rains, but that will only add more beauty to the backdrop of this delightful event.

DOWN AND AROUND *one of Laguna Seca's spectacular corners goes Bill Love's red AC Bristol (top) on the way to victory. Below, Carroll Shelby's three-liter Maserati passes an invalided racer.*









SCOPE *of the view is one of Laguna Seca's strongest spectator attractions. Vantage points like this can command 80% of the racecourse. Wise racegoers bring picnic supplies for day's outing.*



SPIN-OUTS *are common on tricky corners: here are three cars which visited the hay bales in Laguna Seca's inaugural. The Alfa Romeo above is about to spin in avoiding the MG. All recovered, and the Alfa and Lotus (below) won their classes.*



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Tee-off at the Summit?

TRANSATLANTIC CABLES last week were abuzz with reports that Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was off to Scotland on a secret, high-priority mission. Its object: some intense practice on the links to fit the chief executive of Great Britain to take on his U.S. counterpart when the two meet in Washington later this month.

Scots experts promptly rushed to the defense of their Prime Minister with the claim that his game was already three to five strokes better than that of the American President. "Mr. Macmillan's swing and style are very good and orthodox," said one Highland pro. "His driving is a shade better than his putting and he's steadier with his woods than his irons. He's not very good in the bunkers either, but he has more fine shots than bad ones. He's got that real old Scots swing."

In the U.S. a patriot who knows both golf and international conflict—Frank Pace Jr., former Secretary of the Army and now president of the International Golf Association—announced himself ready to provide a suitable trophy for the winner of whatever tournament play at the summit might be arranged.

Unfortunately, the prospect of an international sporting event that might have proved second only to the forthcoming America's Cup races in patriotically partisan interest went up in the smoke of diplomatic duty when official spokesmen at Whitehall and the White House announced that, what with conferences, official trips and what not, there would probably be no time for golf during the Prime Minister's U.S. visit. But the fact remained that Harold Macmillan had indeed spent a pleasant day or two in Scotland playing golf.

Unlike that of Ike, whose occasional well-earned tours on the golf course are the object of constant comment by a captious and caustic American press, Macmillan's golf goes virtually unnoticed in Britain's papers. The four rounds he played with his genial wife, Lady Dorothy, last week at Perthshire's mountain-ringed Gleneagles marked the second time he has been able to play in a year, and only two London papers even bothered to note them. Even the Macmillans' fellow-golfers paid little attention. "You see," said the club pro, "they were too busy playing themselves to notice the Prime Minister."

Accompanied by only a single secretary and one discreetly self-effacing security officer, the British pair covered the 6,577-yard course four times in an average two and a half hours with no more formal arrangements than a quick phone call to make sure a good caddie was available. On the first round the Prime Minister beat Lady Dorothy by nine strokes with an

continued



Gunsmoke in Tulsa: The U.S. Open goes West.

86. During the next three rounds he shot an 83, an 81 and a figure which his caddie tactfully described—after some Macmillan moments in a sand-trap—as "around 87."

The final match, though not at all likely to put the fear of British conquest into Ike, was marked by one splendid moment of triumph when the Prime Minister sent a long, sweet ball winging down the fairway at the difficult 421-yard ninth hole. "Not a bad drive," said 64-year-old Harold Macmillan, "for an old man bordering on 70."

Throwing the Osmium

HOW BEAUTIFUL are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter, sang wise (and susceptible) old King Solomon some time ago. If the Russian fans at Leningrad last July did not sing the same thing or something like it when Russian high jumpers eight times topped the marks of the best jumpers in the U.S., they should have, for all the Soviet jumpers, including Champion Yuri Stepanov (who leaped a record 7 feet 1⅛ inches), were wearing specially built-up shoes whose inch-thick sponge-rubber soles sent them off the ground like springboards.

While the Russians cheered this great victory, the cautious International Amateur Athletic Federation was pulling its collective chin and pondering the Russian footwear.

Last week, as a result of a worldwide telegraphic poll of its officers,



the IAAF reached the belated conclusion that the newfangled shoes are unfair. The decision effectively barred built-up shoes from the upcoming U.S.-Russian meet in Moscow next month and left the world's high-jump record securely in the possession of American Charley Dumas (7 feet one-half inch) but it did not succeed in setting the sporting world's fears at rest concerning Russian technological advances. In London, in particular, last week there were dark rumors abroad that Russia already is experimenting with an osmium hammer.

What's an osmium hammer? Well, osmium is a rare and expensive metal of the platinum group, whose specific gravity is nearly three times that of iron. A regulation 16-pound hammer made of osmium would therefore be scarcely larger than a golf ball and, due to decreased wind resistance and greater density, would fly away to distances up to 20 feet beyond that of an iron hammer. Its chief drawback (particularly for capitalist athletes): the raw material for a good osmium hammer before fabrication would run to approximately $15,475.70.

Even though they could probably afford it, official Russian sources last week hotly denied that they were thinking of putting any osmium hammers into orbit. Britain's leading hammer coach dismissed the whole idea as "nonsense." Still, many Britons felt the same about the built-up track shoes before they saw them. Perhaps the firmest comfort for Western competitors regarding Russia's taste in hammers lies in a contemplation of those they have already tossed into space. Sputniks, if we remember rightly, are on the large side.

Host with the Most

THE SHY GOOD MANNERS of the Japanese were severely tested by last week's Asian Games. As the hosts to athletes from 19 countries, they wanted everybody to go home happy; yet the Japanese athletes kept giving the guests a hard time by winning the dragon's share of gold medals for themselves.

In swimming and diving, Japan won 25 of the 26 events; in boxing, six out of 10. The other countries got their chance in track and field, but Japan picked up additional points all over the lot—in volleyball, in table tennis, in something called the 2,000-meter tandem bicycle scratch race. When all the points were in, Japan had won 1,040 of them. The Philippines held a modest second place with 355½.

Though many Asian Games records were broken, few performances were up to world standards. The most notable exceptions were in swimming, where 19-year-old, 150-pound Tsuyoshi Yamanaka broke the listed world record in the 400-meter freestyle with a time of 4:23.9. In the 800-meter relay, Yamanaka swam his 200 meters in 2.03.6, well under the listed

They Said It

PETE BRYAN, *father of Jimmy Bryan, winner of the Indianapolis "500": "Now I hope he'll retire. . . . I'm not a superstitious man, but I've noticed that Indianapolis winners ever since 1911 have had a record of running into trouble when they keep on racing."*

SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS, *bemoaning the 135-pound weight assigned to Bold Ruler in the Carter Handicap (Bold Ruler nonetheless won): "Sometimes I can tell what goes through the minds of normals, but I have never been able to figure what goes through the minds of handicappers."*

ARCHIE MOORE, *41 and pressing 45, seeking a title fight, explaining his fourth 10-round fight in five weeks: "Sparring partners are expensive. Training is hard work. This way I get my workouts and they pay me."*

JOHN MURPHY, *Red Sox farm director, on the intensified search for high school and college baseball talent: "It's got so the scouts are scouting the scouts."*

world record of 2:05.2. This newest of top-rank Japanese swimmers got an early start; his mother was a professional diver for sea shells. He trains on "plenty of beef, seven to eight big bowls of rice at each meal and five miles of swimming a day."

From Nationalist China came a new decathlon performer, a 25-year-old 6-footer named Yang Chuan-kuang. In his first five events Yang scored 4,068 points and seemed well within range of Rafer Johnson's listed world-record total of 7,985. His performances dropped off in the second five events, however, and he wound up with 7,101 points—and the consolation of having won two seconds and a third in other events as well. As a civilian employee in the Nationalist Army, Yang is given plenty of time to train. This outsize (176 pounds) young Chinese was led to the decathlon, oddly enough, by the American game of baseball. Said his coach: "When we discovered that in addition to being fast on his feet he had tremendous throwing power, developed through pitching baseball, we decided to turn him into a decathlon man."

Following Yang's Asian Games achievements, his government announced that he will be sent to the United States soon for three months of special training.

Winding up last Sunday afternoon, the third Asian Games went into the record books in a dozen Eastern languages, not as a final conquest but as an important milepost. In athletics, as in many other tricky and complex fields, the people of Asia are drawing near to the accomplishments of the West. And Tokyo, having sped its parting guests, can now turn briskly to the effort of winning for 1964 the crown jewel of all athletic events: the Olympic Games themselves.

Occupational Disease

WHETHER the melancholy diagnosis in the case of Golfer Jack MacKinnon, a club pro in West Vancouver, B.C., furnishes clues to the ailments of any fellow golfers or not, we can't help setting it down here.



"Are they kidding?"

For a dozen years MacKinnon has had a wretched time of it out on the course, from April to September, with implacable attacks of hay fever. After more than 600 tests his doctors have now established his trouble: he has an allergy to grass.

Watch Your Label

A MECHANICAL ENGINEER named Mitchell R. Fink, playing in a company softball game in Denver, stepped up to the plate, spread his legs and cocked his bat. At that moment his manager chose to remind



him, in the age-old phrase, to "hold the label up on that bat, Fink. You'll break it if you don't." For some reason this enraged Mr. Fink and a riot almost resulted.

Game over, the angry Fink retired to the library, did some research and emerged with the following exhaustive findings:

"Empirical tests show conclusively that the total energy (inch-pounds) that is necessary to rupture a simply supported uniform square section of any tree wood is greater when the impact load is applied perpendicular to the plane of the grain than when the impact load is applied parallel to the plane of the grain."

That's just fine, Fink old boy. Nice going. But just remember one thing. Better hold the label up on that bat. You'll break it if you don't.

College Try

IN MOMENTS of impatience with the often inconclusive arguments of great men, the late great Hearstling Arthur Brisbane often dismissed an entire debate with the curt summary: "A gorilla could have licked 'em both."

Whether this editorial pronouncement lurked in the mind of a certain

continued

carnival pitchman working Kannapolis, N.C. the other day cannot readily be determined. It was evident, however, that he had the equipment to put it to the test: a scrappy young gorilla about four feet tall who tipped the scales at a trim 175 pounds. All he needed was some game human disputants to complete the show, and these he sought by issuing a challenge to one and all offering $6 apiece to any two contenders who could pull the gorilla off the bars of his cage, plus a $60 bonus for pinning his shoulders to the floor and $1 for every minute they stayed in the cage.

The response was instant. Without even waiting to work up a grudge, two stalwart and amiable young Catawba College football players gathered together a cheering section of fellow students in Salisbury and headed for Kannapolis to give it the college try. Eager to join battle, the football men were a little disappointed when they first saw their opponent. "I had always thought of gorillas as big," said John McGrath, a 230-pound tackle and a onetime marine.

As Butch, the gorilla, well muzzled and with fingernails clipped, hung on the bars sizing up the competition, the boys were handed a set of rules to read and two helmets to wear. "The rules were plain enough," said Pat Carlisle, a 200-pound guard. "We were allowed to do almost anything except maybe slug him right in the face. We felt we had a good chance."

A time clock was set, 430 pounds of determined human flesh advanced against 175 pounds of gorilla, and the battle was joined. For a moment Butch made not a move. Then as the footballers rushed him, he exploded into action. "He was speedy, boy," sighed John from underneath a layer of bandages sometime later, "and, brother, how he could have moved in a scrimmage line. He was all arms." After five minutes of hopeless effort on the part of the boys to pull their whirling adversary off his bars, the bell rang and the bout was over. "I realized then for the first time," said Pat, "that I was bleeding."

Despite three stitches that now decorate the end of his nose, Pat Carlisle has no regrets about being bested by a gorilla. His only worry is over whether the scrap may have given him a reputation for bad temper. "Some folks," he says, "look at me now like, well, as if I take on gorillas all the time. But shucks, it was just this once."

Young Blood

THE biggest grab bag in the world, probably, is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Rummaging through its 8,600,000 square miles and its 205,000,000 people, you can find a little of everything. The newest discovery, reported in Moscow just the other day, is a brilliant young chess player whose age is even more astonishing than his skill: he is just 5 years old.

The boy's name is Ernest Kim, and he lives in Tashkent, a big town in Central Asia, not far from Samarkand. Tashkent has textile mills, wide boulevards, which carry mostly foot traffic, and lots of earthquakes. Its people like to drink tea and play chess, and its adult chess players are proud that their town has produced a prodigy. At the same time they are a little chastened by the fact that young Ernest achieved his status by beating *them*. The lowest rank among chess experts in the Soviet Union is third category, and Ernest reached it just six months after he learned to play. Now, according to news stories from Moscow, he defeats adults in both the third and second categories with little trouble.

Though Ernest has never been to Moscow, he is already known there. Mikhail Botvinnik, the world chess champion, has examined the boy's game and pronounced his talent to be authentic. Botvinnik also offered his advice on the care and training of Kim: send him to school, develop his body and forbid him to play chess for at least three years. Then, when he is a well-brought-up young man of 8 he may be allowed to re-enter the world he seems destined to conquer.



A Catch to It

He's weak on the toss
But good at the get,
For he plays lacrosse
With a butterfly net.
—RICHARD ARMOUR

Profiles in Courage (Cont.)

PATROLMAN BILL ANDERSON, a large, amiable Seattle cop, received a letter the other day from the Puget Sound Baseball Umpires Association. The letter commended Patrolman Anderson (a part-time semi-pro umpire) for having established a "record for fortitude and endurance" within its organization.

At 3:30 one afternoon last week Patrolman Anderson arrived on time to umpire a game between two Seattle high schools, Garfield and Cleveland. Final score: Garfield 19, Cleveland 1. At 6:25, Patrolman Anderson jumped in his car, raced to a hamburger stand for nourishment and arrived at Sick's Seattle Stadium to umpire a double-header between Seattle University and Washington. Score of first game: Seattle 7, Washington 5. Score of second game: Seattle 19, Washington 5.

To the vast relief of Patrolman-Umpire Anderson, the Washington coach conceded defeat in the second game at the end of four and one-half innings. The time? 11:21 p.m.

Patrolman Anderson's box score for the day: three games in eight hours. He presided over the scoring of 56 runs and 45 hits, the commission of 26 errors. He chilled seven beefs and sent the plaintiffs peaceably back to their benches.

He was tired. He was beat. His feet screamed. Nonetheless, Patrolman Anderson shed his umpiring gear, climbed into his police uniform and straightway headed for the Public Safety Building.

He reported for work on the graveyard shift at 12:59 a.m. Patrolman Anderson works in the Complaints Department.



EXTINGUISHERS PUT OUT THE FLAMES FROM THE CRUMPLED RACING CAR OF THE FATALLY INJURED PAT O'CONNOR

LESSONS OF INDIANAPOLIS

COAST TO COAST and overseas last week crowds assembled to watch the best drivers in the world in some of the classic races of the motor-sport year. In Europe the focus was the brilliant, 15-mile virtuoso course at Nürburgring in southern Germany; in this country the crowd magnets were the 500-mile races at Trenton, N.J., Riverside, Calif., shorter races in Connecticut, Kansas and on Long Island—and, of course, the traditional Memorial Day "500" in Indianapolis. And Indianapolis, which confronted Americans with pictures like the one above, overshadowed them all in the attention it properly received.

Some editorial writers and columnists rushed into print to condemn the "500" out of hand. The emotional outburst of the *Boston Herald*'s Bill Cunningham characterized the spectators as "nearly 200,000 morons, who mostly must be studying to be ghouls." Less hysterically, the *New York Herald Tribune* saw a parallel with bullfighting. Racing satisfies some human urge, the newspaper went on, "but is it worth all this needless human carnage?" The *Herald Tribune* did not seem to think so.

Aside from this question of the race's reason for being, there is the question of Ed Elisian's part in the accident (*see page 18*). There is no doubt that his attempt to pass the leader, Dick Rathmann, in the first lap directly led to the subsequent disaster. The question has been raised whether Elisian's action was foolhardy. The real question is: Should he have been allowed on the track at all? His prerace reputation among fellow drivers and observers (SI, May 26) came to "singularly erratic and unsuccessful." Last January the United States Automobile Club, responsible for licensing drivers on the big-car circuit, suspended Elisian from racing because of a flock of unpaid bills, including gambling debts—but the suspension was lifted to give Ed a chance to earn and pay off. In short, Elisian was in the race under an imperative compulsion to get out front and win lap money, even if he could not ultimately win the race. The USAC could well review its driver eligibility rules.

The larger question remains. This magazine has consistently opposed automobile racing where spectators are endangered, especially city-to-city and within-a-city road racing. We may be thankful that spectators were not harmed in the "500." Indeed, its record for spectator safety is good.

Racing drivers, on the other hand, risk injury and death, and in the last analysis that is the moral ground on which Indianapolis must be judged. We believe they have the right, by tradition and present custom and by the genuine, nonghoulish pleasure they give, to run their professional risks for their professional rewards.

Mankind has learned most of what it values most highly through trial and error. It is hoped that the errors of Friday will prove constructive. Speedway Owner Tony Hulman quickly promised to devise a new and safer method of starting the field after this year's chaotic start. And surely even the roughest, toughest driver cannot now doubt the wisdom of the precept that had been emphasized by Tony Hulman and others for so many years: The race cannot be won in the first lap, but it can be tragically lost.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

NURSERY FOR THE BIGS

The Bigs is what the ballplayers at the University of Southern California call the major leagues, and The Bigs is where they want to be. The most serious decision confronting the carefree young Trojans below is whether they should abandon their free (athletic scholarship) education and try to make it in pro ball. As Second Baseman Mike Castanon says: "Only the good ones can afford to give up school. They give you three years now to make The Bigs. If you can't cut it in three years, you know you better get into something else. The mediocre ones can't take a chance."

There are not very many mediocre ones at USC; 40 Trojans, for instance, worked out in major league camps this spring. USC won its 12th league pennant in the last 13 years the other day. Last year, when they were ineligible to compete, California represented the West Coast and won the NCAA title in five straight games.

Whenever a Trojan makes a dandy play the bench jockeys holler: "O.K., son, now go up to the stands and get your check." Up there sit a score of scouts from The Bigs looking over their nursery.

Photographed by Phil Bath



FAST-BALLING BILL THOM HAS WON FIVE GAMES AND LOST NONE



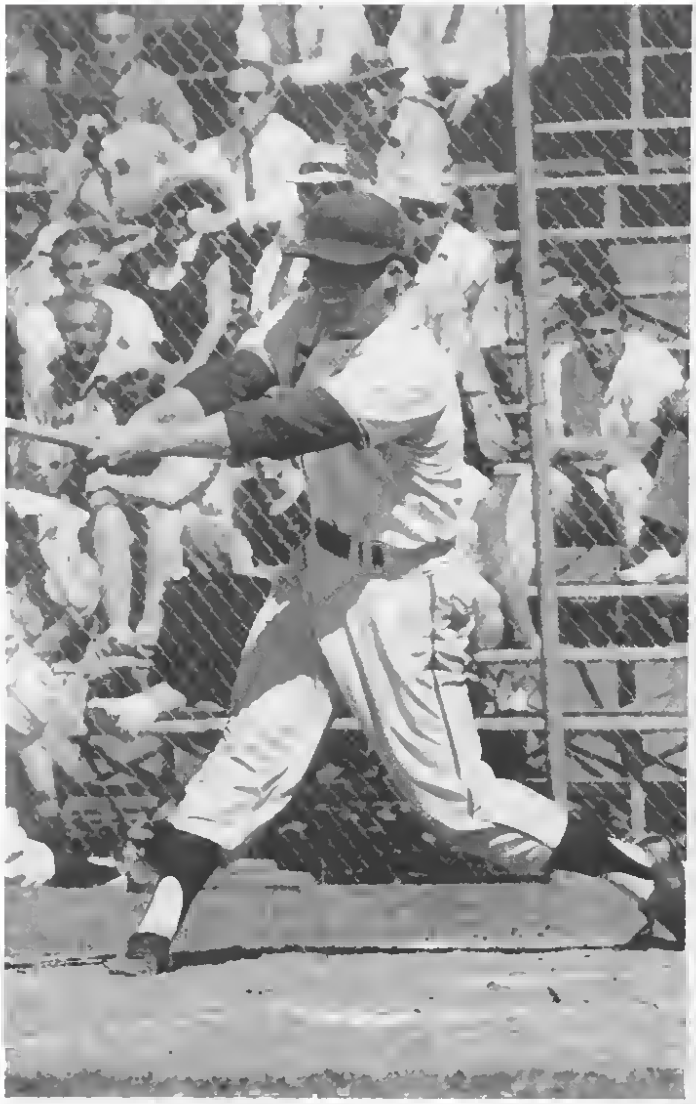
CATCHER Bill Heath, a skillful receiver, bats left-handed, is hitting a lusty .373.



OUTFIELDER Johnny Werhas, a .385 batter, hit six over Coliseum left-field fence.



SECOND BASEMAN Mike Castanon, a .373 hitter, has been solicited by four teams.



RON FAIRLY HAS HIT TWO OVER COLISEUM'S RIGHT-FIELD FENCE



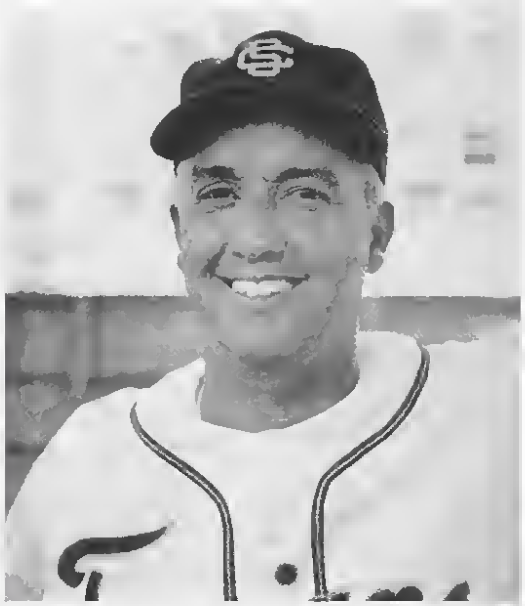
MIKE CASTANON HAS NO DOUBTS HE CAN MAKE BIGS



OUTFIELDER Ron Fairly has hit 18 homers, been offered a bonus of about $60,000.



PITCHER Bruce Gardner, only 19, has the speed and stuff. He's won 10, lost one.



COACH Rod Dedeaux, a onetime Dodger shortstop, guided USC to 25 and 6 record.


1
2
3



DESCENDING GOOSE touches down (1) as rigid feet, partially spread tail brake impact. Honker uses powerful wingbeat (2) to retard skid, ease entry into water. Recovery stroke (3) occurs as goose "breaks wrists." Before next stroke is completed (4), goose uses its now submerged body (5) as final brake, then folds wings.

THREE-POINT LANDING

This solitary Canada goose making a hot landing on Gaddy's Pond, a refuge for peripatetic honkers in Ansonville, North Carolina, was photographed by David Goodnow, a patient and ingenious man. Using a high-speed sequence camera of his own jealously guarded design, which he likens to a Rolls engine within a Ford chassis, and a 360-mm telephoto lens, Goodnow crouched on the shore early one morning to record the feathery descent 100 feet distant. The frames shown above were selected from a sequence shot 25 to a second. Goodnow, who has photographed geese as fast as 50 frames a second, has discovered little, he wistfully relates, beyond the fact that a Canada completes a wingbeat every .24 seconds.



"WHO, ME?" JEANNE CAMPBELL SEEMS TO BE SAYING AS SHE HEARS SHE HAS BEEN NAMED 1958'S DESIGNER OF THE YEAR

DESIGNING WOMEN

Three pretty and talented ones share SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S American Sportswear Design Awards

by JO AHERN ZILL

THE last week of May 1958 may go into the records as the Week of the Designing Woman. This was the decree of 600 retail fashion executives, whose votes for the Sporting Look Award and the Designer of the Year Award were revealed last Wednesday at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's third annual American Sportswear Design Awards dinner at the St. Regis Hotel in New York. For the first time, all the winners were women: Bonnie Cashin and Rose Marie Reid tied for the Sporting Look Award, and Jeanne Campbell was designated Designer of the Year.

The 300 notables who gathered at the dinner to hear the results of the secret balloting indicated by their applause that they were entirely pleased. The more so, apparently, since both of the winners last year were men—Sydney Wragge and Bill Atkinson.

In keeping with the theme of the dinner, the America's Cup Fashion Pageant, a special award was given to Harold S. Vanderbilt, a guest of honor at the dinner, whose J-boats thrice defended the America's Cup successfully against British challengers.

Also introduced was SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's newest trophy. This is a sculptured wire dressmaker's dummy, backed with sport's traditional laurel wreath of victory. It was the work of Sculptor Sidney Smith and, despite the tradition of Emmys and Oscars, it is as yet unnamed. The citation for the Sporting Look Award, which goes with the gold trophy, reads: "To the women's sportswear designer who, by his or her creation of a distinctive mood, has continuously contributed to the American Sporting Look." The citation for the Designer of the Year Award, which goes with the silver trophy, reads: "To the women's sportswear designer who, during the past year, has made the most significant contribution to American sportswear

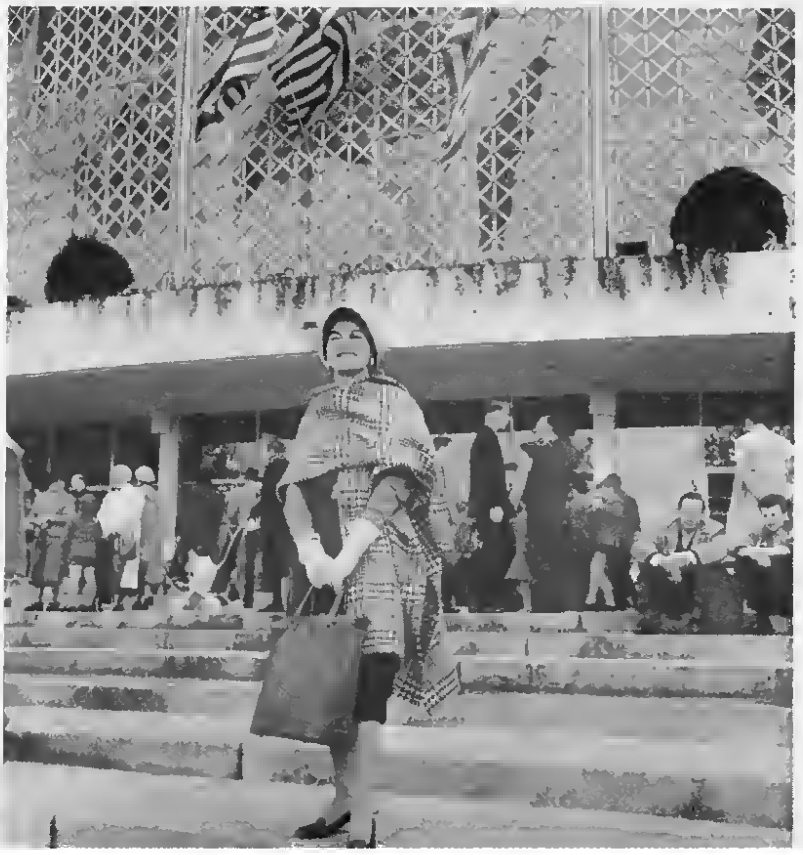


Photographs by Frank Cowan



WINNERS AT DINNER, Jeanne Campbell and Rose Marie Reid pose for photographs with first permanent ASDA trophies, sculptured wire manikins of silver and gold.

WINNER IN BRUSSELS, Bonnie Cashin poses in front of the United States pavilion in one of her favorite "barnstorming" outfits, a Cashin-designed plaid tweed poncho.

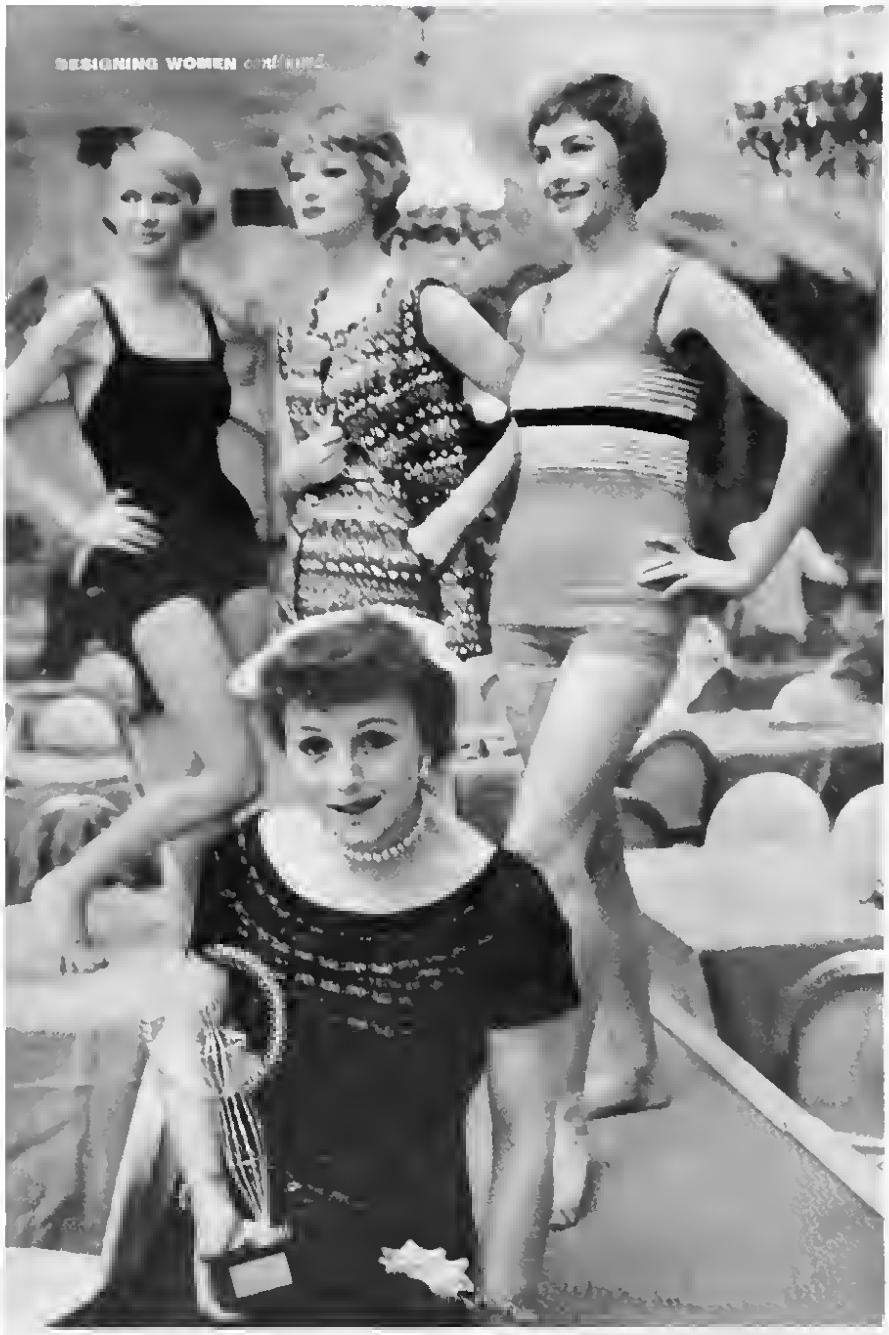


through a specific collection, idea or innovation."

Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Campbell were at the dinner to accept their awards in person, but Miss Cashin, who will receive a duplicate gold trophy and citation, was notified in Brussels, where she is busy with her favorite sport, "barnstorming." In this case, Miss Cashin's barnstorming was to last six weeks and to take her to India after a tour of Europe.

The winners were chosen by the retailers (who must sell the fashions the designers design) from 24 candidates nominated by a committee composed of: Elizabeth Fairall (chairman), Nan Duskin, Hector Escobosa, Andrew Goodman, H. D. Hodgkinson, Arthur Madison, Lawrence Marcus, Dorothy Shaver, W. G. Simmons, William C. Stetson, Elliot Walter and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Fred R. Smith.

For a closer look at the winners, turn the page.



ROSE MARIE AND SWIMSUITS

ROSE MARIE REID, partner in a $15-million-dollar-a-year business, has a rare combination of designing and business talent.

She started designing swimsuits in 1937 in Vancouver, British Columbia, where her husband managed a swimming pool. Her firm began to flourish in the U.S. when she went into partnership in 1946 with Jack Kessler in Los Angeles. She and Kessler pioneered the now-industrywide practice of adding extra seasons to the swimsuit business, *i.e.*, small collections of new styles in late summer and at Christmas time, when stores are usually sold out of merchandise.

Rose Marie has successfully weathered the ups and downs of fashion cycles. Her inner construction techniques, which give an almost complete foundation garment under the suit, adapted as well to the pinched-waist of Dior's New Look era as they now do to the no-waist look of the chemise. The three suits above illustrate the adaptability of the current collection, ranging from a fitted maillot to a new two-piece chemise which achieves its appeal through pull-down legs, inner bra construction and a stomach-flattening overblouse.



BONNIE CASHIN'S

BARNSTORMER BONNIE CASHIN is a laboratory designer who is happiest when she is trying out her new designs. A world traveler and a lover of country life, Bonnie operates from a penthouse design studio in New York. In addition to her currently successful collections of leather-and-what-goes-with-it styles for Philip Sills and her relaxing costumes for Dorian, Bonnie is constantly working out new ideas for herself and a private clientele. Most of the firsts attributed to Designer Casbin evolved from dressing for her own needs. She pioneered the "layer" principle of





TRAVELING LEATHERS

dressing, adding sleeveless coats so travelers could adapt to any climate by adding or subtracting a few outer garments. One of her greatest successes was the stormcoat of water-repellent poplin, warmly hooded and lined with alpaca. In the past year she anticipated Paris couturiers with the first Scottish mohair blanket fashions, including the "Noh" coat (*above*), which was adaptable Bonnie's version of a silhouette she admired on a 1957 trip to the Far East. Also typical Cashins are the leather travel coat and mohair pullover worn with leather breeches.

JEANNE CAMPBELL'S YOUNG DESIGNS

JEANNE CAMPBELL is a young New Yorker who has made a name for herself and the firm of Sportwhirl through mass-produced youthful styles which appeal to cosmopolites and sports addicts alike. She, as much as any designer that could be named, is responsible for the American girl who dresses smartly on a budget—the envy of women in every other country in the world. The success of the Campbell-Sportwhirl approach to design is best attested to by the fact that, in a coals-to-Newcastle switch, Sportwhirl this year started to manufacture Campbell designs in France for selling *prêt-à-porter*, or ready-to-wear, throughout Europe.

A Pittsburgher, Jeanne came to New York during the war with her husband, Edward A. Campbell, a writer, and went right to work on Seventh Avenue. Mother of a 2-year-old son and expecting another child next month, she typifies the young corps of U.S. designers who are very busy leading the life they are designing for. Each five-a-year Sportwhirl collection averages over 200 pieces and ranges from active sports clothes to clothes suited for the city career girl and the do-it-yourself hostess.

THE U.S. OPEN:

GOLF'S TOUGHEST TOURNAMENT

Next week in Tulsa the national championship will be held amid the usual pressure and over a typically arduous course

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

LAST SUMMER, a few weeks after his victory in the National Open, Dick Mayer was attempting to answer a group of old friends who had asked him why he thought he had been able to win at Inverness—to play four solid, controlled rounds under the most persistent pressure that weighs on any athlete; to come through with the birdie he needed on the 72nd and final hole despite knowing only too well that he had blown his chances in the 1954 Open at Baltusrol by taking a 7 on the 72nd; and finally, to re-knit his poise, his concentration, his swing and his purpose for the playoff round with Cary Middlecoff. "I think that my father put his finger on it best," Mayer replied slowly, especially for him. "He said I was able to win because I was 'physically, mentally and humorously prepared.' That's an odd phrase to use—humorously prepared—but it's the best description I've heard of what you need. In golf there are dozens of little things which the finest player can't control. They're both good and bad things—a really poor lie in the middle of the fairway after you've hit your best drive, a fine lie in the rough that lets you get away scot free when you rightfully should be penalized, a lucky kick into the pin when you've let an approach leak off a little, the approach you hit too good which sits down instantly and leaves you a longer and tougher putt than you would have had if the ball had had less bite—I could go on and on. And it's humorous, you know, all those little twists and turns of fortune being an inseparable part of a game a player has to approach so scientifically. Well, in the Open I was lucky enough to be in that frame of mind where I was amused rather than upset by my inability to control the uncontrollable."

The United States or National Open, inaugurated in 1895, has been the premier event in golf since some 30 years ago when it first began to edge ahead of the august British Open in world importance. Possessing a stable working philosophy during the tournament, such as Mayer did, is just as necessary as having all the shots, for the pressure on the player is enormous. It begins, of course, with his simple realization that he truly cannot think of the Open as "just another tournament," because it is anything but. It is the big one. Forgetting about the attendant prestige and money, if you have won a National Open, mister, you have scaled the heights of your profession and no one can ever take it away from you. The glory lasts a lifetime. Deservedly so, too, because the signal trademark of the championship is that it is played (with blessed few exceptions) on great and damnably demanding courses which are as different from the usual run of tournament layouts as a Da Vinci drawing is from a Chester Gould cartoon. In order to win—in order to come close to winning—you must play absolutely superb golf, the whole bag, for four rounds. The final two rounds you play on the Saturday. It is probably the most brutal one-day test in all of sport. If you only have to play 18 in a day and you are off form, you can sometimes savvy your way into the clubhouse without being destroyed and live to play better another day. But not on Open Saturday. It is designedly a test of endurance, among other things, for the idea is to find out who is the best golfer and only the soundest swings can stand up under the strain of 18 hard holes in the morning, an all-too-short respite for lunch, and then 18 harder holes. It is not unlike shining an overpoweringly bright light on a woman's skin; if there is a basic flaw in your game, it will show up brilliantly.

In the final analysis, to do well in the Open a man must not only be a first-class golfer but he must believe it firmly enough to weather some awful moments. On the punishing Open courses, somewhere along the route he will falter—he is bound to—and he generally won't be able to repair the damage immediately as he can on the altogether easier circuit courses. Open courses, to enumerate some of

continued

58TH U.S. OPEN

PLACE—Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa

DATES—June 12-14

TYPE OF TOURNAMENT—72 holes, stroke play

PURSE—total $35,000; first place, $8,000

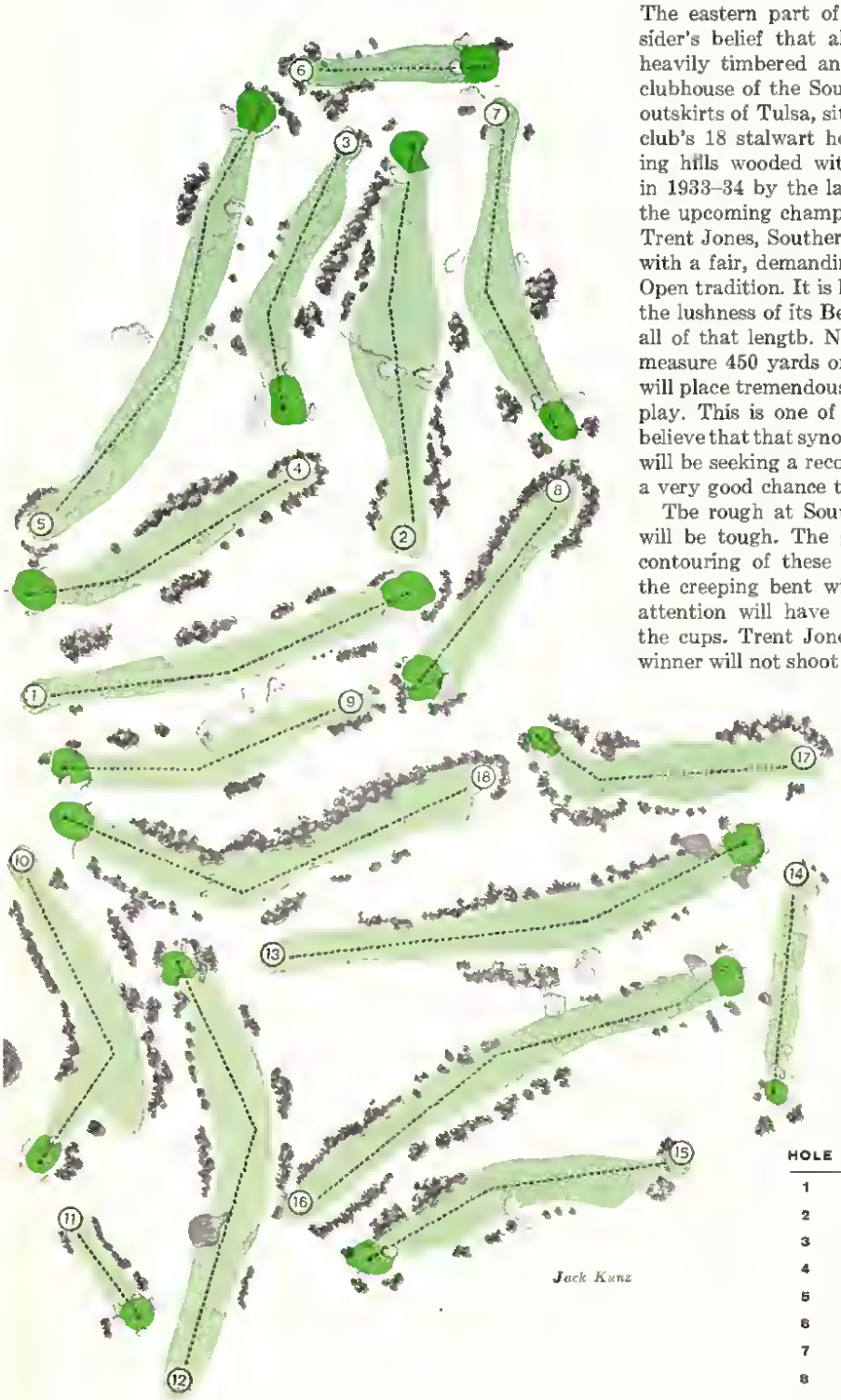
DEFENDING CHAMPION—Richard Mayer

TELEVISION COVERAGE—Saturday, June 14 (NBC, 4:30-7:30 p.m. E.D.T.)

THE SITE OF THE 58TH U.S. OPEN

The eastern part of Oklahoma, contrary to the outsider's belief that all the state is plains, actually is heavily timbered and fairly undulating country. The clubhouse of the Southern Hills Country Club, on the outskirts of Tulsa, sits atop a considerable rise, and the club's 18 stalwart holes are laid out over gently rolling hills wooded with oak, pecan and elm. Designed in 1933–34 by the late Perry Maxwell and revised for the upcoming championship by the ubiquitous Robert Trent Jones, Southern Hills will provide the Open field with a fair, demanding and interesting test in the best Open tradition. It is long—6,907 yards—and what with the lushness of its Bermuda-grass fairways, it will play all of that length. No less than five of its par 4 holes measure 450 yards or more, and these and other holes will place tremendous importance on accurate long-iron play. This is one of the reasons why many observers believe that that synonym for accuracy, Ben Hogan, who will be seeking a record-making fifth Open title, stands a very good chance this June.

The rough at Southern Hills is Bermuda grass and will be tough. The greens are of creeping bent. The contouring of these greens is quite severe, and since the creeping bent will play very fast, a good deal of attention will have to be given to the placement of the cups. Trent Jones's seasoned estimate is that the winner will not shoot lower than 283 or higher than 287.



Jack Kunz



SCORECARO FOR SOUTHERN HILLS

HOLE	YARDS	PAR	HOLE	YARDS	PAR
1	458	4	10	378	4
2	450	4	11	167	3
3	410	4	12	465	4
4	371	4	13	489	4
5	592	5	14	210	3
6	177	3	15	410	4
7	401	4	16	538	5
8	218	3	17	346	4
9	378	4	18	468	4
OUT	3,456	35	IN	3,451	35
				3,456	35
				6,907	70



CARY MIDDLECOFF, 1956 VICTOR, DRIVES DOWN A CHARACTERISTICALLY TOUGH OPEN PAR 5, THE 602-YARD 13TH AT OAK HILL

U.S. OPEN *continued*

the differences which we will later go into in more detail, play appreciably longer, the fairways are much narrower, the rough is incomparably rougher, the green areas much more staunchly guarded and the surface of the greens far more undulant and much, much slicker. Especially when he is caught in the whirlpool of the final day's play, a player who momentarily loses his grip hardly has the time to consider his predicament when already it is his turn to play another shot, another tough shot. There is nothing else he can do but hang on and hit the ball the best he can. Some men who succeeded in winning the Open and were able to win nothing of consequence before or after—most notably Cyril Walker (1924), Sam Parks (1935) and Jack Fleck (1955)—have been labeled "fluke champions." This epithet is not only ungenerous but misleading: you can be sure they had it that week. I wasn't present at Oakland Hills when Walker won or at Oakmont when Parks did, the only players in their respective fields to break 300, but I watched a good bit of Fleck's play at Olympic, and you won't see better golf under pressure than Jack Fleck produced. In that Open, 70 was broken only six times by a great field, and Fleck did it two of those six times, then once again in his head-to-head playoff with Hogan. I think this is comment enough.

The rigors of the Open, besides making it so much easier for a front runner to wobble, also make it that much harder for the contenders to "move"—to pick up strokes on the leaders on their own initiative. You can't do it with just a sharp wedge and a hot putter. You must play absolutely first-class golf shots. Nothing less will suffice. In last year's championship—Inverness did not provide an outstanding Open test (particularly after the heavy rains had washed out several important back tees) but it nevertheless remained exacting enough—there were some memorable stretch drives which illustrate very well indeed the standard of shotmaking on which any rally must depend. At midafternoon on the final day, it seemed that the eventual winner might well be either Julius Boros or Jimmy Demaret, who were paired together. With six holes to go, Boros, the 1952 Open champion, held a two-shot lead over Demaret. That ancient war horse, the sentimental favorite, was trying to rouse himself into a spurt but the double round had obviously exhausted him. On the 13th and 14th, Demaret, though pushing himself for all he was worth, was able to hang on for his pars, but pars, of course, would do him little good, especially since Boros birdied the 13th. However, Demaret did get himself going on the 15th, a hard par 4, when he faded a three-iron into the stick, two feet from the hole. Boros, meanwhile, had run into trouble, and when Demaret on the 17th (or 71st) fired his approach 12 feet from the pin on that very touchy green and holed from three for another birdie, he moved out in front. Those are the kind of shots it takes to get going in the Open, and both Mayer and Middlecoff necessarily had to produce some of equal brilliance, and did, in their great finishing sprints which ultimately enabled them to shade Demaret's total by a stroke.

THE RIGORS OF OPEN COURSES

An excellent map can impart to a golf devotee a good deal of knowledge about a course, but a person must really see an Open course for himself in order to appreciate the true nature of the task it sets. Open courses, to be sure, vary quite a bit. Some of them, like lovely old Merion, undoubtedly the most classic of our classic courses, do not have an overpowering personality at first aspect. When you go out and walk Merion, however—and this same is true of several other Open courses, though to a somewhat lesser degree—you perceive with increasing clarity that nearly every tee shot must be pinpointed and nearly every approach

continued



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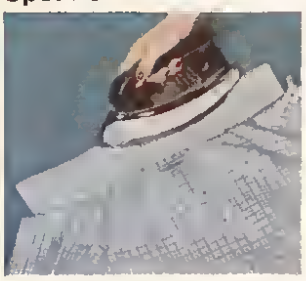
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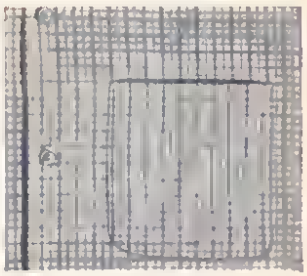
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CHEVROLET

must be played with more than a suspicion of finesse and that, in brief, the seemingly quiet course is just busting with severe, uncompromising and honest golf values.

Then there are some Open courses —Oakland Hills, Oakmont and Medinah come first to mind—which, when you first behold them in their Open battle dress, loom so gargantuan and so forbidding that they fill you with a feeling of terror. I have never forgotten my first impression of Oakland Hills as it stood on the eve of the 1951 championship. On the afternoon before the big event I like to make an easy tour around the course and get to know it a little. The 10th tee was hard by the clubhouse, so I thought I'd begin by taking a peek at that hole. Let me try to describe to you what the eye took in. Below the elevated tee the fairway dropped into a deep swale and then began to climb a rugged hill that reached its crown some 250 yards away; along the right side of the upslope the land pitched sharply down and to the right so that a slightly faded tee shot would be sent hounding into the rough below or into a wicked bunker gouged in the hillside; the left side of the fairway was somewhat safer, the ridge flattening out a little on that side, but bordering the pinched-in fairway there was a large trap, and the rough was exceedingly heavy and matted; in the distance—it seemed like 600 yards away but the marker proclaimed it to be only 448—a flag waved on a plateaued green that rose abruptly above a second deep dip in the fairway and which, if its natural setting didn't make it hard enough to hit, was additionally protected by stout traps at the left and right sides of what might humorously be called its entrance. I looked at this par 4 and, honestly, my knees began to quake. "Thank goodness," I said to myself, "Thank goodness I am not a professional golfer and do not have to face a beast like this."

A moment later a foursome of entrants, playing a warmup round, came to the 10th tee. They all hit drives which at their home clubs would have sent their witnesses into the usual buzzes of admiration. Two of these drives had a faint fade on them and they finished, after kicking down the hillside rough, in the deep trap at the right; all that these two fellows had to do now was play two fine shots and they would have their bogeys. As for the other tee shots, one of them, with a nice little draw on it, bounded into the trap at the left, and the fourth had just the necessary length to reach the rough. However, it should be added that on the fourth round of the Open, Ben Hogan, on his march to victory, played a beautiful birdie 3 on this unplayable hole; he hit and held the fairway with his long drive and then rifled a picture postcard three-iron just about a yard from the cup. Some two hours later, Bobby Locke, the one man who still had a chance to catch Hogan, began his chase by repeating this improbable procedure, although he had to sink a somewhat longer putt for his 3.

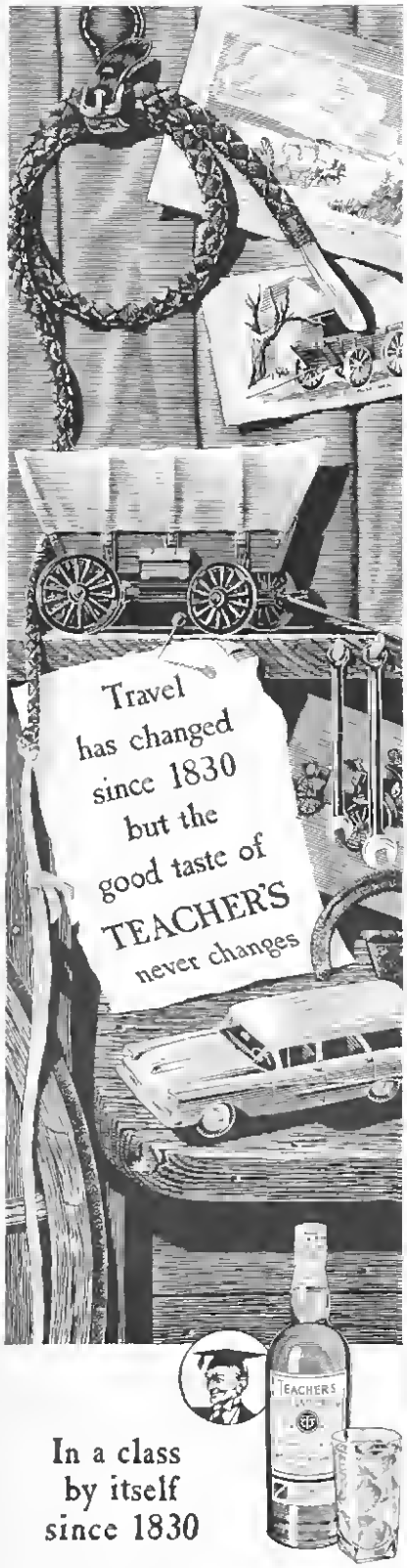
In this day and age, when many courses that formerly were of championship quality have been rendered obsolescent because of the tremendous length the modern golfer has acquired (through advances in equipment and ball construction and the accompanying advances in power-hitting techniques which the new equipment has made possible), it isn't the easiest thing in the world to find an authentic championship course for the Open. What usually transpires is that a course is selected which, to begin with, is a very good course, lengthy enough and strong in terrain features, and this course is then remodeled and reconditioned specifically for the Open—all this under the direction, sometimes oblique and sometimes frontal, of the United States Golf Association, this country's ruling golf body, which founded the Open in '95 and has conducted it ever since. (Even a Merion must be tightened up in some respects.) Preparing a course for a championship generally begins about two years before the event is held over it, when the club calls in an architect well acquainted with Open standards to superintend the face-lifting job. New back tees will almost certainly be built on a number of holes which would otherwise play too short. Old fairway-flanking traps, which the pros would carry without any trouble, will frequently be filled in, and new flanking traps cut some 20 yards further down the fairway. The trapping around many of the greens will be revised: some existing traps will be extended and some new traps introduced to fortify the probable pin positions on the green. Short par 5s, holes measuring in the neighborhood of 475 yards, which would be birdied too regularly by the Open field, will be transformed into long par 4s. These former 5s often emerge as the most brutal holes on the course.

In the spring before the June of the Open, a second type of course preparation gets under way. The rough is allowed to grow tall. The grass along both sides of the fairways is allowed to grow into rough. For the tournament, extremely narrow fairways are sculpted, and in the "landing area" or "drive zone" their width rarely exceeds 35 yards. To put additional premium on accuracy off the tees, these tight fairways are bordered by tough "graduated rough": first by a belt (some six to 10 feet wide) of shortish rough, maybe two inches high; beyond this belt by taller rough, four inches high or higher. (The actual height of the rough, determined the week before the tournament, depends on the type and condition of the grass.) The grass around the greens is also allowed to grow much higher than normally. For the tournament, in order to place the ultimate premium on hitting the greens, the putting surfaces are bordered by a strip of fairway-type apron only about a yard (or one width of the mower) in its brief extent; beyond this strip the "fringe rough" begins, its height depending on the type and the condition of the grass. The greens themselves are kept firm. That is, they are watered only moderately. The green mower is usually set for a cut of 3/16th of an inch, though this figure, too, has to be somewhat flexible. Open greens can be mighty fast. At Oakmont in 1953, though oldtimers claimed the course's famous slippery greens to be a much slower type of glass than they had been for the 1935 Open, a man could tap a mild sidehill putt so gently you wondered if it would reach the cup, and do you know where the ball would end up if it missed the hole? —five feet past!

THE NEED FOR FLEXIBILITY

It might be fairly remarked in passing—taking into consideration the lack of "natural" Open tests and the consequent need for real toughening-up measures—that many of us feel that right now is a good time for the USGA to take stock of some aspects of its Open-course philosophy. Hewing too closely to a set handbook for preparing a course

continued



THREE GOLFERS WITH EXCELLENT



JULIUS BOROS, in addition to winning the title in 1952, has once tied for 2nd (1956), twice tied for 4th (1951, 1957), once tied for 5th and, all in all compiled in the last decade an Open record second only to Ben Hogan's. Julius' celebrated coolness, which verges on downright nonchalance, is an invaluable asset under the heavy pressures of tournament play. Although not an outstanding putter, he is a steady driver and a superb iron player.



KEN VENTURI, in the two Opens he has played since coming of golfing age, finished 8th in '56 at Oak Hill, where he was low amateur, tied for 6th last June at Inverness. Ken gets the ball out a long distance off the tee, but his real forte is the irons. With them he is a true virtuoso and may well be the finest iron player that this country has ever produced. His putting stroke could be a bit sounder but has shown sharp improvement since last year.

U.S. OPEN *continued*

can result in an approach that is more mechanical and arithmetic than is proper for golf, and some recent Open tests, though exacting indeed, were not exacting in the traditionally best respects. For illustration, since the playing values of every hole and every green area will vary, it has struck many of us for quite some time that the width of the apron around the greens should not be formularistically prescribed but should be treated to bring out the individual strategy and demands of each hole, the individual contours and character of each green area—the fringe rough pulled in close at certain holes, pushed back a little on others, entirely omitted around certain greens and, all in all, handled with a certain elasticity. The "chop stroke," which one must play from the rough fringing the greens, borders on being a synthetic golf shot. The players acquired it at Olympic, where the greens were small and the fringe rough exceedingly thick, and the traditional strokes just wouldn't work.

Now all this takes us, I trust, to several related points about scoring and the Open. To begin with, the general sports public, it is fair to say, has never fully understood why Open scores run so high. There are, for example, many golf fans who, on reading that some hopeful has started with a 76, jump to the incorrect conclusion that the pressure of the event was purely and simply too much for the lad. This widely held misconception is one of the several reasons why the pros, on arriving at the scene of the Open, almost annually kick up a storm that the course in some ways is unfair. They foresee that the scores will run high, and it is no fun to play your heart out—and play damn well to boot—and then return home to be met by some would-be comforter who drapes an arm over your shoulder and softly purrs, "Tell me, Vern, how come you took the gas?" Here the players are somewhat the victims of professional golf's double-edged sword: the long and calculated efforts to attract crowds by making scoring as low as possible, frequently by softening courses expressly for this purpose. The result is that today a 69, whether scored over a Brackenridge Park or an Oak Hill, has the ring of a so-so round.

OPEN RECORDS



BILLY JOE PATTON, despite his chronic aversion to the peaceful life of the fairways, has played three strong Opens in a row—a tie for 6th, 13th and a tie for 8th. Two of these times he was low amateur. At Southern Hills he will be using a driver which Ben Hogan gave him last winter at Seminole and with which Billy Joe hit all but three fairways during his four rounds at the Masters. He has a great flair for golf as well as for competition

A 75 or a 76 on an average Open course, I would guess, is about the equivalent of a 71 or 70 or a 69 over an average State Open course. However, mere arithmetic transposition cannot do justice to the great Open rounds—for example, to the 67 which Hogan (after cutting his scores progressively from 76 to 73 to 71) produced on his final round at Oakland Hills, undoubtedly the most difficult course on which the Open has ever been played. Suffice it to say that Hogan's 67 represents the most remarkable exhibition of golf shotmaking many of us have ever seen.

Finally, simply because it is the national championship, it is splendidly right that the Open should constitute a test of skill which is appreciably harder than any other which the country's best players face. It is a wonderful thing that in the Open, as in so few other tournaments, a round in par still signifies what it was intended to—first-class golf—and that four rounds in an average of par figures represent nothing less than a performance in which the player successfully stood up to the whole gamut of golf at its most demanding, at its best. **END**

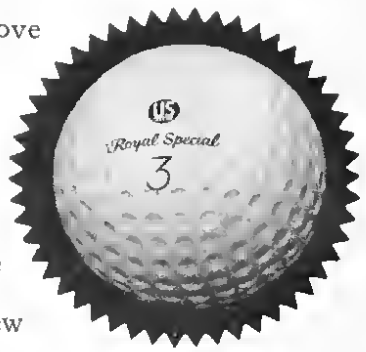
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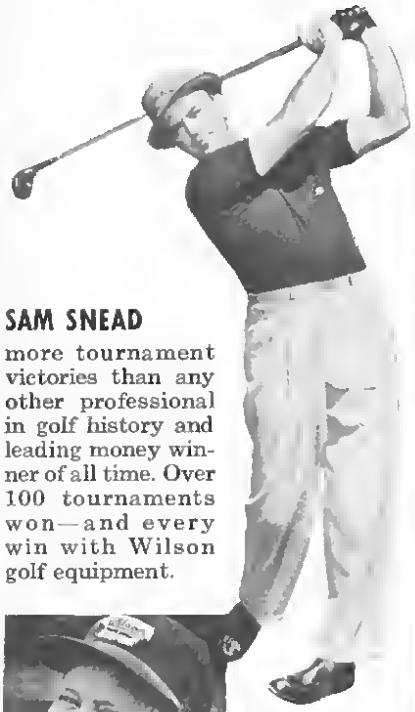
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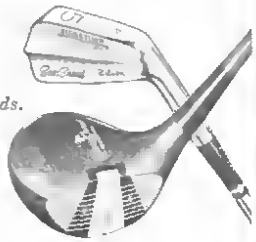


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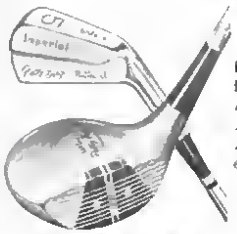


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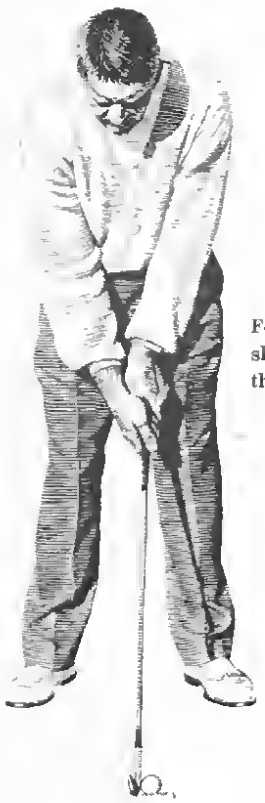
Tip from the Top

GEORGE BAYER, *Delbrook Country Club, Dallas*

Hitting the one-iron

AT PGA clinics the club I usually am asked to demonstrate is the one-iron, a club I use a good deal in my play and for which I have a genuine fondness. I like the one-iron because, in my particular case, there are many factors in its favor for me. With it I can maneuver the ball much more effectively off the tee than I can with the driver. Without overworking the hands, I find that I can get increased loft on the shot when I want it and that I can hit the ball high or low much easier than I can alter the natural flight of my shots with the driver. Similarly, in playing from the fairway I find the one-iron more conducive than either the three-wood or the four-wood to hitting the ball to meet the specific requirements of individual shots—not only as regards varying the trajectory but the type of action you want to go with. For example, you can punch the ball with the one-iron.

I bring these things up because I am well aware that the one-iron is the most dreaded club in the bag and because I honestly feel that if you make an effort to make friends with it, you will, if you are a fairly good player, find it a very responsive and helpful club. When you play the one-iron, you see, you don't think primarily of going for distance. In your mind you stress swinging the club, making good contact with the ball. Trust the face of the club to get the ball up for you. It will.



For the one-iron the stance should be a shade squarer than for the woods



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The Triple Crown

Tim Tam heads a Calumet team intent on making turf history in the 90th Belmont

WITH this week's Epsom Derby and the Belmont Stakes, racing's accent on two world-apart fronts is momentarily focused on the enviable qualities that enable Thoroughbreds to utilize their speed and stamina to win at a mile and a half and thereby earn the deserving accolade of "the classic colt."

There is special significance, of course, to the 90th running of the Belmont, for should favored Tim Tam win it he not only secures himself one of those Yankeelike grips on season's honors (before the season is half over), but in doing so he would become only the ninth horse in American racing history to win the Triple Crown—that triumvirate of races composed of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont, which have all been on the calendar for over 80 years and all of which have been run concurrently for the last 76 of them.

As the chart on the opposite page suggests, by the very limited number of Triple Crown winners this feat—whether in vintage 3-year-old seasons or mediocre ones—usually goes into the books as the major turf event of the whole year.

If Tim Tam fails to win his Belmont it will not only come as a great surprise to the entire Calumet Farm entourage which bred, trained and raced him through a brilliant spring campaign, but also it would likely throw the shock of his life into the trainer of any horse "lucky" enough to sneak up on the champion on one of his rare off days. For Tim Tam, no matter whether Milo Valenzuela or Bill Hartack is aboard on Belmont Day, has shown such consistent and honest willingness to give his best (surely this must be one of the most genuine racing dispositions that even the oldtimers can recall) that indeed it appears that Tim Tam is wholly incapable of turning in what the racetrackers call a "dull effort."

So it appears that if victory is to be denied Calumet it will have to be by virtue of a super effort on the part of one of those with the temerity to challenge him. I would think it unlikely that there would be more than six or seven willing to make the effort. Lincoln Road (Tim Tam's finish-line shadow in his last three $100,000 races) has wisely moved on to Chicago, and if the names of any of the other possible starters—such as Victory Morn, Chance It Tony, Candace, Romopolis, Princepado, Grey Monarch, Saferris, Start Courting or Flamingo—should throw a scare into the Calumet team, then it's high time that all of us give up the futile chore of picking winners.

Racing in this country being so utterly different from the sport abroad, comparisons are treacherous. In fact, the only thing in common between the Epsom Derby and the Belmont—the two greatest races in their respective countries—is that they are raced over a mile and a half. This accepted classic distance in Europe is so rare in this country (where most trainers believe the Kentucky Derby distance of a mile and a quarter is an adequate enough testing ground for stamina) that today it seems quite incongruous to many that the Belmont nearly always decides the 3-year-old championship. Furthermore, with the exception of a few rugged colts who elect to challenge older horses in the weight-for-age Jockey Club Gold Cup at two miles in the fall, very few U.S. 3-year-olds, in fact, ever even start in any race as long as a mile and a half.

The situation is understandable. U.S. horsemen, instead of adopting European theories of breeding largely for stamina and racing over distances regulated to test that stamina, have —for the most part—been so speed

continued

THE ROYAL HORSES (AND OWNERS) WHO WORE IT



1919 SIR BARTON — **J. K. L. Ross**

Money made this horse and money killed him. He entered the Kentucky Derby a maiden, without a race at 3, carrying Ross's $250,000 bet and Jockey Johnny Loftus. He won by five lengths and then took the Belmont and Preakness with ease. As a 4-year-old he was matched with Man o' War at Kenilworth Park and was beaten by seven lengths. He died in 1937 on a dreary U.S. remount ranch in Douglas, Wyo. Ross gambled away $10 million and was buried at sea off Montego Bay in 1951, almost forgotten.





1930 GALLANT FOX — **William Woodward**

Gallant Fox was the color of mahogany, with a thin blaze of white on his face. He raced under the white-and-red-spotted silks of Woodward's Belair Stud. He was sired by the French stallion, Sir Gallahad III, trained by the then 55-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and ridden by Earl Sande, who came out of retirement to do so. As a 3-year-old he raced only in stakes, won nine of 10, always as the favorite. It took a 100-to-1 shot (Jim Dandy) to beat him. He sired mighty Omaha in his very first crop.





1935 OMAHA — **William Woodward**

This colt made Woodward the first man to own the winners of two Triple Crowns, and had Johnstown been able to win the 1939 Preakness, he would have had three. For 20 years he was Chairman of the Jockey Club. His son, William Jr., continued the Belair colors until 1956 and won two-thirds of a Triple Crown with Nashua. Omaha is still alive at the age of 25, standing 55 miles from the Nebraska city for which he was named. Plans are afoot to bury him in the Ak-Sar-Ben infield upon death. Willie Saunders rode him.





1937 WAR ADMIRAL — **Samuel D. Riddle**

Perhaps no man could be expected to remain unchanged after owning two such horses as Man o' War and War Admiral. But Sam Riddle did. He mingled and raced and rode with the highest society wherever he went but kept his special affections for his horses. War Admiral was Man o' War's most famous son. He ran eight times at 3, won all eight. He had to defeat 19 horses in his Derby and only six dared try him in the Belmont. Riddle died at age 89 at Glen Riddle, Pa. War Admiral has sired the winners of over $6 million.





1941 WHIRLAWAY — **Warren Wright**

Warren Wright first started a horse in the Derby in 1935, and his rider was a boy of some promise named Eddie Arcaro. Six years later these two connected with Whirlaway, a horse that captured the public heart with his long, bushy tail and tremendous stretch runs. It was Whirlaway who won the first of two Wright-Arcaro Triple Crowns. "Mr. Longtail" ran 60 races, and was only four times out of the money. He was 5 to 2 in the Derby, 6 to 5 in the Preakness and 1 to 4 in the Belmont. Ben Jones trained him.





1943 COUNT FLEET — **Mrs. John D. Hertz**

In 1928 Mrs. Hertz entered her first Kentucky Derby with Reigh Count, and he won by three lengths. Fifteen years later she entered again with a son of Reigh Count named Count Fleet. He, too, won the Derby by three lengths, then the Preakness by eight and finally the Belmont by 25. He won all six of his races as a 3-year-old and his odds were never higher than 2 to 5. Johnny Longden rode him and has called him the best horse he has ever ridden. The colt suffered an injury in the Belmont and was retired for good.





1946 ASSAULT — **Robert J. Kleberg Jr.**

Bred and owned by the King Ranch in Texas, Assault was known as the little chestnut with the deformed hoof. As a weanling a thorn injured him, and it took all the patience of his trainer, canny Max Hirsch, to get him to the races. He was an 8-to-1 long shot in the Kentucky Derby and won by eight lengths; took the Preakness by a scant neck and then won the Belmont by three lengths. Kleberg's brown silks with the rolling W are still active in American racing. Warren Mehrtens rode him in the Big 3.





1948 CITATION — **Warren Wright**

It takes a lot of horse to be the greatest horse Calumet Farm ever had. But Citation was, and justly so. He won 19 of 20 races in 1948 and was held at 1 to 20 in one, 1 to 10 in five and odds-on in the rest of them. He won his Derby in slop, his Preakness in mud and his Belmont over a fast track. In 1951, a year after Wright's death, he became racing's first millionaire. Eddie Arcaro and Wright collaborated again, and father and son, Ben and Jimmy Jones, were the trainers for Citation's Triple Crown.





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conscious that racing secretaries from coast to coast have a difficult (if not impossible) job trying to fill the scattered route races that they schedule. The result is that there are not more than a dozen stake races annually on the dirt at a mile and a half or over in the entire country—and almost an equally poor opportunity for the owner of a horse below stakes class. For example, a survey of four major U.S. tracks last year reveals the startling fact that out of a combined total of 1,849 races only 24 of them were at a mile and a half or beyond—and 15 of those were at Belmont Park, long noted, along with its June classic, for an increasingly steady emphasis on distance racing.

At the same time the survey points up the great emphasis on sprint and middle-distance races: of those 1,849 races some 729 were at six furlongs; 159 at seven furlongs; 37 at a mile and 416 at a mile and a 16th. Some tracks, of course, lay particular stress on specific distances: the mile is the predominant distance at Arlington and Washington parks; of 327 races on the dirt at the 1958 Hialeah meeting 113 were at six furlongs and 112 were at the more testing distance of a mile and an eighth; at Belmont, despite a generous share of sprints, the 1957 season saw 73 races carded at a mile and an eighth or over; at Hollywood Park, which had only one race over a mile and a quarter in 1957, they run eight 2-year-old races every five-day week, which accounts for the heavy trend toward sprints.

For comparison with this speed-conscious American program let's see what's going on abroad. On a typical Sunday at Longchamp in mid-May the seven-race card showed only one 3-year-old seven-furlong race, while the other six races ranged from a mile and a 16th (one of them) on up to 2½ miles. The day's average distance was a mile and a half. Under the French system of developing young stock with deliberate slowness in order to ready it for the demanding races ahead, few 2-year-olds in France had yet faced the starter. It is not uncommon to see French classic winners—Pharis, for example—kept off the track until they are 3 years old.

During the following week at England's Wingfield Park the six-race card included only one sprint for older horses (along with a couple of five-furlong dashes for juveniles) but required

3-year-old fillies to carry 126 pounds in a mile-and-a-half prep of the traditional approaching Oaks.

If the implications are clear that American racing de-emphasizes distance races—while the vast majority of our tracks and horsemen face a highly competitive market in the field of rich sprint and middle-distance purses—it is equally clear that many of our leading breeders naturally look to Europe to provide them with stallions who hopefully may produce winners of just such classics as the Belmont and Gold Cup.

STAMINA ZERO

On the assumption that some American breeders are content to import European stock in order to produce winners of their own classic races, this is an arrangement which has fortuitously worked happily both ways. The English have found it highly profitable to sell top-class middle-distance horses to U.S. buyers convinced that a "meshing" of such blood to our mares with a good "bottom line" will produce get capable of going at least a mile and a quarter and maybe farther.

This collaboration with European breeders is, in fact, indispensable to U.S. breeders, who, if left to their own resources, would pare the stamina of American bloodstock down to zero. By mating horses which can only run six furlongs you do not tend to get horses which will also go six furlongs, but sometimes offspring which will not go beyond 5½ furlongs, say; inbreeding accentuates existing trends. Thus, American breeding currently needs constant outcrossing with European stamina to prevent racing in this country from being ultimately reduced to an absurd series of ever-dwindling dashes.

Although this search for the authoritative answer to successful breeding will continue forever, the moment at hand still belongs to ultrasuccessful Calumet, whose plain but costly philosophy about such matters is often expressed by Jimmy Jones: "Breed the best to the best—and hope for the best." However, in the case of Tim Tam's parentage (Tom Fool and Two Lea, whose blood is nonetheless fused with successful imported strains) Calumet had to look no further this time than the rich Bluegrass pastures of Kentucky to find the right formula for breeding another champion. And in Tim Tam they could easily have one of the very best ever. **END**



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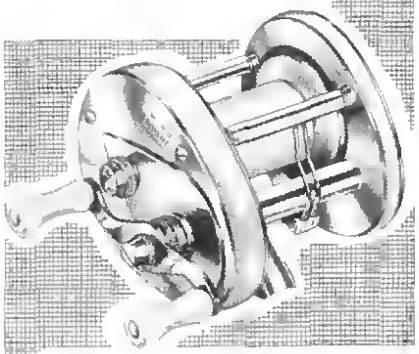
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BASEBALL / *Roy Terrell*

Ten reasons for a rout

The Yankee pitching coach counts his blessings—and figures maybe they'll do

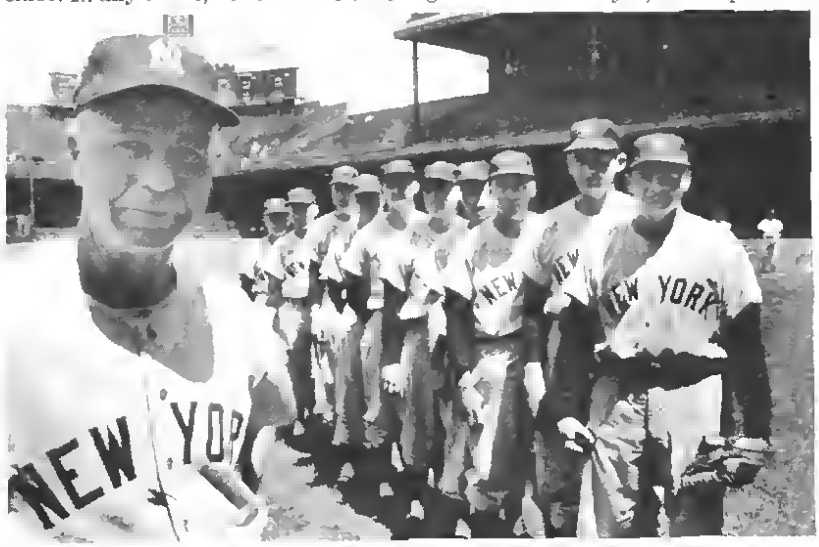
JIM TURNER is a large, solid, gray-haired citizen in his mid-50s who tiptoes about doing one of baseball's most important jobs with the air of a man in constant fear that someone will show up at the park some day and ask to see his pass. If this should ever happen, the immediate—and automatic—response of the Yankee pitching coach would undoubtedly be: "You better go talk to Casey."

That one of baseball's most respected figures should remain virtually unknown outside the game is just fine with Jim Turner. Baseball is his life, and in his pleasant Tennessee way he has only a fine contempt for anything else. It is said that he was once misquoted by a newsman—perhaps in his rookie year with the Boston Braves, when he won 20 games—and has never really completely recovered from this traumatic experience in the more than two decades since. In any event, he refuses to take much credit for the success of his pitching staff ("I haven't won a game all year") with a modesty that borders on self-effacement.

But if anonymity is what he seeks, Jim Turner came to the wrong place. In a year during which the Yankee pitchers are threatening to make a farce out of the American League race the man almost 100% in charge of this branch of the corporation is Turner. The things which Bob Turley and Don Larsen and Whitey Ford and all the rest—Shantz, Duren, Sturdivant, Kucks, Maglie, Ditmar and Grim—can do, they must do with their own minds and muscles, it is true. But it is Jim Turner who has trained them and taught them and spent long hours sharpening their skills and correcting their mistakes. And it is Jim Turner who can best explain exactly why they are so unbeatable today.

"Whoa," he says, after discovering that you are not going to talk to Casey after all. "Don't use that word unbeatable. A lot of things can happen in this game.

"Sure, our pitching has been going pretty good. But I'll tell you in August—or better yet, on September



ARMS AND THE MAN: Jim Turner stands before awesome array of pitching talent —Turley, Larsen, Maglie, Grim, Duren, Kucks, Sturdivant, Ditmar, Ford and Shantz.

28—how good it really is. That's what counts. You take a pitcher that's hot. He's like a batter that gets hot. He can cool off just as fast. So I say the pitching is good only if it continues to be good right through June and July and August to the end of the season.

"I will say it's been pretty phenomenal up to now, there's no denying that. But you know it's not going to last. An earned run average of 2.02! No team ever had pitching like that over a full season. And you have to remember that there are some other good pitchers in this league, too, and they're not going to keep on losing forever. We've been catching some of these teams when they were playing their worst of the season.

"But I'll tell you one thing that everybody has got all wrong. They keep saying what a great pitching staff this has suddenly become this year. Silliest thing I ever heard. This was a good pitching staff *last* year. They had a 3.00 ERA, an even 3.00, and you don't find many like that. These are good pitchers and they've *been* good pitchers. If they're any better now, it's because they have learned a little more. They've worked hard and it's beginning to show up. None of them has any new pitches—that's foolish—and they don't have any more stuff than they had before. It's just that they are learning how to use it.

"Now, you take Turley. He has always had tremendous stuff, more than most pitchers. He just had to learn to control it, to gain confidence. Don't let anybody tell you he just learned to throw that curve; he just finally learned how to use it about a year ago, that's all. Since June of last year he has been a tremendous pitcher. Now, of course, he's off to a great start. Whether he can keep it up or not, I don't know. He's big and strong and has the pitches. He's smart and he's got guts. In a pitcher, that's the most important thing.

"Now Larsen, he has pitched well, too, but we have had to rest him. His shoulder is a little tender. He always has that trouble in cold weather.

"He wasn't much of a pitcher when he came to us. He lost a lot of games at Baltimore and even before that. He didn't know anything about pitching. But he has been working hard out there for three years and now he's a pitcher. He's got lots of stuff, too. On a given day he can throw as hard

continued



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as Turley. Not every time but sometimes. And he's got a real good slider and good control.

"Now Ford is a different case altogether. He had the stuff when he came up and the ability to use it. You never saw such confidence; he always had the guts of a burglar. Sometimes you can get too confident—but he was all right. And he never quit learning and working. He has speed and the curve and the changeup and control, too.

"Shantz can throw a little bit of everything—fast ball, curve, changeup, slider, sinker. He had trouble with his arm there for a few years, but we took a chance on him and last year he showed us he was ready to pitch again. If you remember, he started off just like this a year ago, won nine games, I think it was, and lost only one. Did he get tired? Yes, he did, but the reason was because Ford got hurt and we had to use Shantz maybe a little too often to plug the gap. I don't think that will happen this year.

"I don't know too much about Maglie, but he's done a real good job for us and he knows what he's doing out there. Of course, he's older and getting along toward the end of his career and what I say about continuing improvement may not apply to him. Anyway, he's a good man to have around.

"Duren, now, he throws the ball about as hard as anybody I know. Harder than Larsen, harder even than Turley. I haven't seen Score yet this year but I don't think even Score is any faster than this boy. And what nobody seems to realize is that he has a terrific slider, too. The hitters can tell you all about it. And he has a changeup, and now he also has control. That's because he has worked so hard on it.

"Now you take Sturdivant and Kucks. Those two boys are just liable to be the pitchers that win a pennant in July and August. Sturdivant's arm has been a little sore and now he has to pitch his way back into a job. But when he got his big chance last year with Ford out and some of the others missing a turn or two, he really came through. Led the team in innings pitched and won 16 games. He has a good fast ball and a change. Kucks is a few years younger than the others—except for Maglie, who is over 40, and Shantz, who is about 32, they're all 27 or 28 or 29—but he's already a real

continued



THE TURNOVER OF MR. TURLEY

Should a pleasant, round-faced young man named Bob Turley, after teetering precariously for years on the verge of fame, finally become a 20-game winner this season, it will be largely because he has learned a rather useful lesson: glamour, in baseball as elsewhere, is a perishable commodity.

For Bob Turley, you see, has always been a strikeout pitcher, and the strikeout pitcher has long been one of the glamorous figures of the game. Part of this, like the excitement which surrounds a home run, is due to the strikeout's sudden, shocking finality. But even more it is because the great strikeout pitchers—Waddell, Johnson, Mathewson, Alexander, Grove, Feller, Score—have possessed that delicate blend of sharp skill and sheer, raw power which makes any athlete exciting. And so it is that the strikeout, if employed frequently enough, can bring a man fame and fortune and a garage full of Cadillacs.

It can also bring him a lot of headaches, says the sensible Mr. Turley, who already owns a Cadillac but takes no great pride in this particular fact since it is more or less part of the uniform of the team for which he pitches. Strikeouts and bases on balls frequently go hand in hand—Turley once managed to lead the league in both at the same time—and he has decided that, if by forgoing the one he can rid himself of the other, he is perfectly willing to be less glamorous. So this year, by the simple process of eschewing strikeouts in favor of pop flies and dinky little grounders, Bob Turley managed to win seven straight games in the first six weeks of the season, pitch four shutouts and generally resemble nothing so much as the best pitcher in all baseball.

"It hit me all at once about a year ago," he says. "I thought I had discovered the secret back in the '56 World Series but then I found myself falling more and more back into my old style of pitching. I was trying to get everyone out with my fast ball—and I couldn't even get it over the plate.

"So one day I just stopped and thought it all out. I realized then I was going to have to do something drastic. And suddenly there it was. For years I had been working and studying and all I had to do was quit trying to throw the ball past the batter on every pitch and place some confidence in all the other things I had learned.

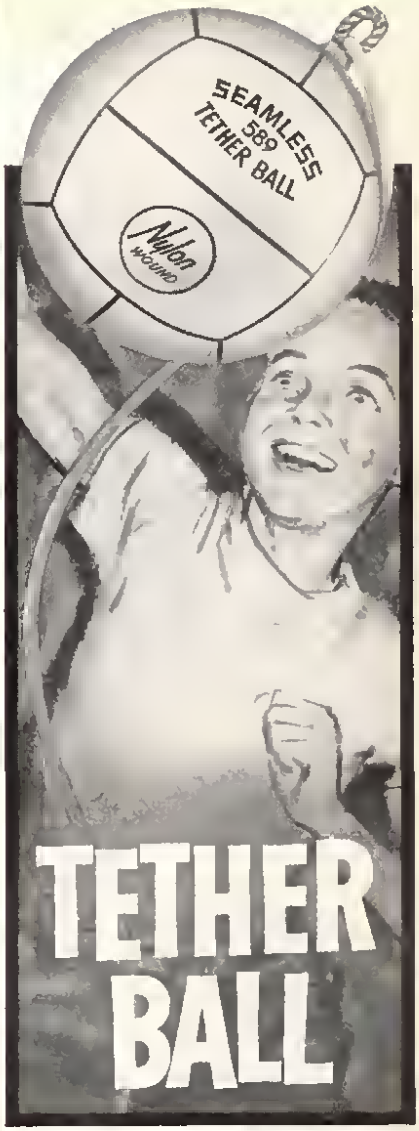
"I suppose you might say I had to change over from depending entirely on this," and he patted his big right arm, ". . . . to this." And he tapped his head.

"The day was June 15, 1957, and it was the key point in my career," says Bob, who went on to win 12 games the rest of the season. "My fast ball is as good as it ever was, and I still strike out quite a few. I just don't depend on it so much, that's all.

"I used to throw 90% fast balls. Now I'm down to about 60%, with the rest breaking stuff. I'm trying to outthink the batter, to make him hit the pitch I want him to and hit it where I want him to. A strikeout can take four or five or six pitches; if the batter fouls off a few, it can take even more. On the other hand, one pitch is all you need if he pops it up or hits it into the dirt. One pitch and you have an out.

"The real tipoff is the number of pitches I throw in a game this year. I'm averaging about 110, and my highest has been 154. In the past that would have been a minimum. I can remember throwing 180 or 200 a lot of times.

"It is really much easier this way," says Bob Turley. "And it works."



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good pitcher. Depends on breaking stuff, and last year he was up here too much, wasn't keeping his stuff down. You can't hang those curves up there and get away with it very long. But he looks all right now.

"Grim? Well, he won 20 games one year, didn't he? And Ditmar. He won 12 games with an eighth-place team at Kansas City. They're both good pitchers. The only trouble is we haven't had much opportunity to use them. On a staff like this it's tough to break in when everybody is going so well. But sooner or later they'll get their chance—and they'll be ready.

"That's the secret. This is not one or two men, it's a pitching staff. Every year they say our pitching is weak because we don't have a bunch of 20-game winners. Well, we don't have many 20-game winners because we can't afford to keep a pitcher in there for his regular turn when he's not sharp. We're always fighting for a pennant, and if one pitcher can't do the job, there's always someone else who can. Or at least someone who deserves the chance to try. So we have a lot of pitchers with 13-5 and 12-4 and 16-6 records and that's better than a few 20-game winners and not much else.

"I guess this may be the best pitching staff the Yankees have had. Now we have 10 good pitchers right down the line. There's no reason why they can't keep on winning. But you come around on September 28 and ask me and I'll tell you for sure.

"Anyway, you don't want to talk to me about pitching. You better go talk to Casey."

Said Casey: "You might say the pitching looks pretty good. Which don't make me a bit mad." **END**

1958 YANKEE PITCHING RECORD
(through June 1)

	C	G	SH	O	W	L	ERA
Larsen	2		2		3	0	0 90
Duren	0		0		2	1	1 59
Ford	5		0		5	2	1.86
Turley	8		4		8	1	1 90
Kucks	2		0		3	1	2.83
Ditmar	0		0		0	0	3 00
Maglie	0		0		1	1	3 50
Shantz	1		0		4	1	3.91
Sturdivant	0		0		1	2	5 68
Grim	0		0		0	1	7 00
Totals	18		7*		27	10	2.65

*Ford and Duren share shutout

BEST ERAS SINCE WAR

Indians (1954)	2 78
Yankees (1957)	3 00
Cardinals (1946)	3 01
Phillies (1952)	3 07*
Giants (1954)	3 09
White Sox (1946)	3 10*
Braves (1956)	3 11*
Yankees (1952)	3 14

*Failed to win pennant

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BOXING / *Martin Kane*

Terror on the terrace

It's black tie and dinner gowns as Washington Society turns out for the fights

THE DINNER JACKET is not often seen at prizefights in this country, and that is rather strange, because modern boxing's ancient home is England, where the black tie is required dress when the Corinthians of London's National Sporting Club dine at the famous Cafe Royal and then adjourn, well stuffed in a well-bred way, to the pinkish Louis XVI Suite for postprandial boxing and brandy.

To be sure, Archie Moore stopped James J. Parker a couple of years ago before a gathering that included some black ties. But that was in Toronto, Canada, and the black ties were the inspiration of Doc Kearns, whose voguishness was a promotional gimmick.

A similarly attired group saw Chico Vejar defeat Pat Manzi at Atlantic City's 500 Club last year. At the time no one believed anything substantial would come of it because the fighters seemed to spend part of every round laughing themselves sick at the customers, but it may have been the start of a trend which we are only now beginning to see darkly, as through a glass of tawny port.

A televised Wednesday nighter (June 11) is to go on before a black tie audience on the terrace of Washington's imposing Shoreham Hotel, where a ring will be pitched amid boxed petunias, philodendrons, geraniums, pansies and potted umbrella trees. If it rains, the fight—between Joey Giardello and Franz Szuzina—will move to the main ballroom. Among the audience will be some, like French Ambassador and Mme. Alphand and Senator Margaret Chase Smith, who will be seeing their first fight. It would be hard to find a subscriber to *The Ring* in the list of acceptances: the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Boheman, the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Berckemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cafritz, Mrs. Nicholas (Teddy Roosevelt's daughter, Alice L.) Longworth. Great Britain's ambassador, Sir Harold Caccia, will attend but Lady Caccia probably won't. Only Mrs. Longworth would rate as a boxing enthusiast. In recent years she has often hied down to the small dumpy Capital Arena to see the fights. She is said to get her ring dope from her chauffeur.

Like the Corinthians of London, the guests will start tipping cocktails at 7:30 on the sweeping lawn beside the hotel's garden pool, then move to tables for 10 on the terrace and a $25-a-plate dinner (mixed grill).

The fight is, of course, for charity—proceeds going to Washington's chapter of the Big Brothers, which interests itself in wayward and orphaned boys. The International Boxing Club and Promoter Goldie Ahearn are sacrificing their cuts and the TV sponsors are paying the fighters.

TUXEDO OR TRUNKS

The tough and accomplished Giardello, ranked No. 2 as a middleweight, just behind Carmen Basilio, has already beaten Szuzina twice. Szuzina, a powerful, stubborn, forward-moving brawler, might well look more stylish in dinner jacket than he does in black trunks. Giardello, twice conqueror of another brawler, Rory Calhoun, does extremely well against such types and probably is looking forward to challenging Brawler Gene Fullmer for the title if Sugar Ray Robinson retires and Carmen Basilio moves back to the welters.

On Friday the 13th of the same week Heavyweight Harold Carter returns to the ring after a sojourn in the Army. Carter has not fought since January 1957. He will oppose Willi Besmanoff at Madison Square Garden's TV studio, a moderately rugged assignment after such a long layoff.

Adjusting the knot in an old four-in-hand, one gets the well-tailored feeling that the parlay of Giardello and Carter is as correct as striped pants at a wedding. **END**

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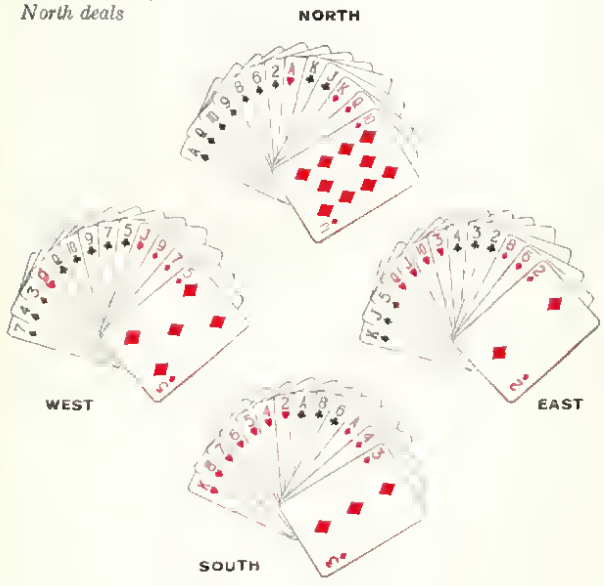
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Rarely so happy an ending

ON my recent trip to the Riviera to participate in bridge festivities at Juan Les Pins and Monte Carlo, it was pleasant to meet again with my friend, Captain Ewart Kempson, editor of Britain's *Bridge Magazine*.

Afterward, I accompanied him back to England, where we spent a profitable afternoon browsing through the files of the London *Times*. There we uncovered this choice hand which had appeared in a London duplicate bridge contest. A considerable segment of the local populace eventually became involved in a commitment to make six hearts. This is an entirely logical contract which can be broken only by a four-one trump split. Despite the abundance of high cards no one would maintain that it is an easy hand to bid.

Both vulnerable
North deals



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	4 ♦	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	5 ♣	PASS
6 ♦	PASS	6 ♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

The sequence recorded in the diagram took place at one of the tables. While it was reasonably sound in its early stages it appears to have been derailed a little later on. South eventually found himself in a spot where, in order to rescue himself from a three-card diamond suit, he was bound to bid a slam in hearts without the assurance that partner had even one supporting card in the suit.

One South player found this prospect completely distasteful. He, too, had cue-bid his diamond suit and followed with a cue bid in clubs. North decided to treat the diamond response as honest and leaped to a slam in that suit. South was afraid to return to hearts in the face of his partner's strong preference for diamonds and elected to brazen it out at the bizarre contract of six diamonds. I leave it to the reader to decide whether the result was the just reward of courage or the unmerited good fortune of cowardice.

The 10 of clubs was led and the jack held in dummy. The ace of spades was followed by a spade ruff in the closed hand. Dummy was entered with the ace of hearts and another spade was ruffed with the ace of trumps. With the fortunate spade break, North's long suit was established. The 10 of diamonds was then finessed and declarer cashed dummy's top trumps. This left only one trump outstanding, and declarer proceeded to lead dummy's good spades. West could ruff in whenever it suited him to do so, but any return he could make would then permit declarer to cash the rest of the tricks in dummy.

After studying the account of this remarkable exploit I walked briskly to my bookshelf and with a firm hand ripped out the chapter on slam bidding from my own treatise.

It will be observed that there is no defense to the six-diamond contract. It is true that a trump opening makes it a little more difficult, but the hand can still be won. Two spades can be ruffed in the closed hand but the club jack must be finessed in order to obtain sufficient entries to dummy.

EXTRA TRICK

Today's opus points up the danger of promiscuous cue bidding before it has become clearly established that there is available a contract at which the hand can play with reasonable safety. Remember, ending in the wrong suit will rarely produce so happy a landing.

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TRADEMARK

Born to Trot

Breeding tells in a baby foal who will one day be hitched to a sulky and test his graceful gait against other trotters

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

THE LITTLE FELLOW on the opposite page is only a month old. Already, however, in the careless innocence of infancy, he is rehearsing his role in life and, in a sense, demonstrating one of man's triumphs over nature. Clearly, he is on the trot, a gait innate to him through generations of careful breeding of his ancestors for the purpose of pitting him against other trotters in races.

This breeding has now made it a commonplace for youngsters like him to be seen trotting or pacing (another racing gait) alongside their dams in open pasture. And nowhere is this phenomenon more evident than at the locale of these pictures—the verdant, rolling 2,000 acres of Hanover Shoe Farm, largest horse-breeding establishment in the nation and one devoted solely to the trotting and pacing standardbred horse.

Eleven miles north of the Mason-Dixon line, in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country of shnits an' nep and shoofly pie and a long stone's throw from President Eisenhower's acreage, Hanover is remarkable for its clean, fresh beauty even in this area of traditionally well-kept farms. Twenty-five miles of fence,

continued



FRESH BEAUTY of Hanover's pastures and paddocks shows in this partial aerial view.

YOUTHFUL TROTTER exhibits the gait that may bring him fame when he is full-grown.





HANOVER'S MASTER, lean, leathery Lawrence Sheppard perches on one of paddock fences that crisscross farm.

requiring 20,000 gallons of whitewash for a single annual coat, surround and crisscross the farm into 40 paddocks to accommodate a horse population that runs as high as 900 in May, as low as 500 in December and averaged 745 all last year. Indoors, these sucklings, yearlings, mares and stallions are bedded down in 700 stalls in 40 barns and on 1,000 tons of straw—where last year they ate 50,000 bushels of oats and 1,200 tons of hay. Each year, too, it takes 300 tons of lime and 140 tons of fertilizer to keep their lush, bluegrass pastures green and growing.

All in all, obviously a huge operation. Yet Hanover's glory is not the quantity of horseflesh produced, but its quality. The records of the sport of harness racing would be empty ledgers if the speed and money-won marks set by Hanover sires and their progeny were erased. A look at the results of last season's Hambletonian and Little Brown Jug—the two top harness classics—is enough to demonstrate this dominance. Horses sired by Hanover stallions won $91,479 of the Hambletonian's net purse of $108,903. And practically all of the remainder was won by trotting sons of Hanover-bred stallions. Hanover-sired pacers won more than $68,000 of the $73,000 Little Brown Jug purse; the first seven horses in the final summary were by Hanover sires. All heat winners in both races (Hickory Smoke and Hoot Song in the Hambletonian, Torpid and Meadowlands in the Jug) were by Hanover sires; respectively, Titan Hanover, Hoot Mon, Knight Dream and Adios.

At this stage of the current season there are three logical favorites in the 1958 Jug, to be raced September 18: Painter, Thorpe Hanover and Raider Frost. All three are by Hanover sires, the first two by Tar Heel, the last by Adios.

There are three favorites in the 1958 Hambletonian, to be raced August 27: Mix Hanover, Gang Away and Sharpshooter. The first two are by Hanover's Hoot Mon, who won the Hambletonian in 1947 in 2:00 (still the record for this event) and who has already sired two Hambletonian winners. Sharpshooter is by Castleton's Worthy Boy out of—no surprise—Muriel Hanover.

This kind of thing has been going on ever since the farm was founded in 1926. A typical year, 1955, saw Hanover-bred colts and fillies win 2,700 races and $3,900,000 for their owners. It is little wonder that the owners and trainers of all the large trotting stables, and many of the smaller ones, too, make it their business to be in Harrisburg, Pa. in mid-November, when Hanover sells its annual crop of yearlings. Since 1926 the farm has sold 1,910 yearling trotters and pacers—for $5,367,290.

The man responsible for all these impressive statistics is a smallish, Crosby-eared 60-year-old named Lawrence Baker Sheppard. His portrait on the opposite page is a true one in the sense that it shows him with cigaret in hand, coatless and open-collared and with horses near by. These are details—especially the last—which are essential to Sheppard's comfort and well-being, and which are not always available to him through the daily demands of a busy schedule. In addition to owning the farm and directing its myriad activities, Sheppard is president of the $12-million-asset Hanover Shoe manufacturing and retailing company, was for eight years (until just a few months ago) president of the U.S. Trotting Association and is still one of its directors, and participates in a host of other business and philanthropic affairs including a bank, a newspaper and a hospital. But horses, and trotting horses in particular, have been the abiding interest in his life since childhood.

At 16, already a veteran of the saddle and the sulky, he went out to Wyoming where he got a job caring for a string of 10 animals used to carry tourists through the Yellowstone wilderness. For two happy years the young Sheppard enjoyed the life of a $3-a-day horse wrangler and guide, and he left it for a reason wholly typical of the man and his love for the outdoors. One day in 1915 he sat his horse on a peak overlooking the meeting of the north and south forks of the Shoshone River and looked down on the first automobiles driving up the road toward Yellowstone. They had never been allowed there before. As he recalls it now: "It made me sick to see cars being driven into that wonderful virgin land. I turned away and never went back. I'll always remember Yellowstone as it was on horseback."

The Sheppards had always owned and raced trotters, and starting the farm was a natural extension of this interest. Lawrence was an original participant in the venture, with his father and C. N. Myers, longtime friend and business associate of the family. With the passing of both his partners, he became sole owner, and is chiefly responsible for assembling the farm's present vast acreage and the 11 premier stallions and 200 brood mares which have made it so successful. For years, too, he was an active amateur driver; in 1937, he drove Dean Hanover to victory in a three-heat trotting race in 2:00¼, 2:00¾ and 2:00¾, a world record that still stands. In the same year Sheppard's 11-year-old daughter Alma drove Dean to his 3-year-old mile mark of 1:58½, a feat that may never be duplicated, or even attempted, again.

Sheppard's stewardship of the USTA covered the recent years of trotting's explosive growth and saw him and the sport itself often the subject of violent public controversy. This was nearly always the result of that growth: conflict between the new and the traditional in trotting as it was swiftly transformed from a rural pastime into a vehicle for public parimutuel betting. Sheppard is a patient, generous man, apparently ideal for bringing together and conciliating opposing viewpoints, and he seldom replied to the critics who accused him of ruling the sport like a czar—behavior impossibly alien to his character. But he is also a stubborn man, unyielding in determination to preserve the long-established conduct of harness racing. He stuck to his guns and would still be manning them if the demands on his time and health hadn't forced him to quit this year. But it is also true that he had already won most of the crucial battles; the rules he fought to preserve still govern the sport today. And it may well be that their perpetuation will be a more valued memorial to the man than all of Hanover's bloodlines.

Still an inveterate race fan, Sheppard rarely misses a big event—never a classic like the Hambletonian. You won't find him, however, in the box seat reserved for him. Look for a slight, shirtsleeved figure in the group of grooms and horse trainers on the edge of the track near the paddock drawgate. There, covered with dust or mud depending on the weather, and in the company of the men whose language he talks and whose love of a sport he deeply shares, he'll be watching the big race. Chances are he'll be watching another Hanover colt come home first. END



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repair of damaged steering gear, he rejoined the race and in a remarkable comeback placed sixth at the end.

Behind O'Connor, as his car fiercely burned, the remaining drivers faced desperate decisions. Most of them chose, as Bryan did, to cut down through the grass inside the turn. High in the turn, however, Jerry Unser nosed under one car, then drove up over another, Rookie Paul Goldsmith's, and on, perforce, over the wall. He luckily landed in an open area and suffered only a shoulder dislocation. His car left a tire mark on Goldsmith's shoulder.

For 25 minutes the yellow caution lights of the track were on as the functioning cars toured slowly, while the turn was cleared. Finally the race began again in earnest, and with 24 cars in action, and for many laps, until the first round of pit stops, there was a struggle of exceptional intensity among Bryan, Tony Bettenhausen, George Amick and Eddie Sachs. They dramatized the central question in the initial accident—the nature of Elisian's decision to pass Rathmann.

The most difficult thing to do at Indianapolis is to pass a determined rival of approximately equal speed. You are unlikely to pass him in the straights; therefore, you must go deeper into the turn than usual before easing up on the accelerator, and you may not be able to hold the safest path through the turn. This kind of thing happened many times in the dogfight among Bryan and the others—and safely—yet it would be difficult to exaggerate the vigor and fire with which they drove.

In Elisian's case, the almost unanimous conclusion by other drivers and official observers is that he exceeded a reasonable limit of daring in a potentially very dangerous situation.

Rathmann condemned him; the veteran Paul Russo, whose Novi was damaged in the turn, condemned him; Duane Carter, director of racing for the United States Auto Club, immediately suspended his license. On January 1 Carter had suspended Elisian for a "mania for gambling" and going deeply into debt. He was reinstated later, but he is now barred specifically for bad racing judgment. "He went into the turn 50 mph over his head," said the angry Rathmann.

Elisian at first denied that, but later said, "Maybe I did haul Rathmann down into the corner too hard."

Undeniably, the 31-year-old Californian's sensationally fast driving in practice (his lap of 148.148 mph was the fastest ever recorded at Indy), together with his lead-foot reputation, caused much prerace worry.

Paul Russo told of sitting with Pat O'Connor on race morning: "We were both concerned about Elisian and the rest of the front row. Pat told me, 'The only thing I'm worried about is getting through that first lap without a spin.' "

THE TOP TEN FINISHERS

DRIVER AND CAR NUMBER	SPEED
Jim Bryan, Phoenix (1)	133.791
George Amick, Venice, Calif. (99)	133.517
Johnny Boyd, Fresno, Calif. (9)	133.099
Tony Bettenhausen, Tinley Park, Ill. (33)	132.855
Jim Rathmann, Miami (2)	132.847
Jimmy Reece, Speedway, Ind. (16)	132.443
Don Freeland, Speedway, Ind. (26)	132.403
Jud Larson, Tampa (44)	130.550
Eddie Johnson, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio (61)	130.156
Bill Cheesbourg, Tucson, Ariz. (54)	129.149

But Patrick James O'Connor, of North Vernon, Ind., at the age of 29, a fine driver, a man who had said he would quit driving if he won, a man on the point of opening a new insurance business, a man with a lovely wife and small son, died in his fifth "500" without having tasted victory. He was the 11th driver to die in a "500," 47th on the list of total fatalities at the Brickyard.

The winner, Bryan, drove an extremely intelligent race in the car with which Sam Hanks won last year's "500," and received superb pit work (three stops took only 90 seconds). Johnny Boyd challenged strongly toward the end but an unscheduled stop to replace a worn right rear tire with only 19 laps to go let Bryan home free at an average speed of 133.791 mph, second-fastest for the "500." The first-place share of the record $305,217 purse was $105,574.

Three of the first five finishers (Bryan, Amick, Bettenhausen) had the radical horizontal engine layout which George Salih, owner of the Hanks-Bryan Car, conceived and introduced last year—high tribute to Salih's ingenuity. This system has many strong features, including good handling qualities with the car fuel-heavy.

Grave but exultant, the big, blond, cigar-smoking Bryan hoisted a glass of champagne in his festive garage.

"If it's your day," he said, "you can't do nothin' wrong." **END**



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CONVERSATION PIECE:

LADY LIZ OF LLANGOLLEN

by WHITNEY TOWER



An amazing sportswoman talks about the greatest love of her lively life—horses

IN THE vast expanse of the world of sport, Mrs. Richard Lunn stands out—and has stood out for more than 25 years—as one of those rare persons whose identity and activities are, oddly enough, as well known to people not ordinarily interested in her sport as to the thousands who are. Mrs. Lunn's preoccupation is horses, and her personality—whether at trackside, in a sales pavilion, in the show ring, in the drawing room or at an overcrowded nightclub table—has always been so overwhelmingly dynamic that no other woman in her field has quite approached the impact she has made on both the sport's insiders and outsiders.

Mrs. Lunn's range of acquaintances and experiences is as extensive as that of any enterprising explorer, and her strong personal magnetism—a wonderful carry-over from her early life in Philadelphia, where she will always be remembered as one of the dazzling beauties of this or any other age—is as familiar to any backstretch "hot walker" as to visiting royalty. Mrs. Lunn has bought horses, bred horses, shown them with unrivaled success in the leading rings, raced them at every major U.S. course (her Gone Fishin' was a respectable third in the Preakness), and even—on rare occasions—sold them. She has, in her outspoken and controversial way, been a lot of things to a lot of people:

DOGS COME NEXT in Liz's affections. Here she greets a few of her many pets.



LLANGOLLEN'S HORSESHOE-SHAPED STABLES, BUILT AROUND ANCIENT PEAR TREE (CENTER), ARE NOW HOME FOR THE HUNTERS

a devoted best friend, for example, to Prince Aly Khan; an equally passionate bongo-drum partner for Eddie Arcaro; and a hard-hitting conversationalist on the theories of Thoroughbred breeding with such old pros at the game as Leslie Combs and Bull Hancock. She has done many things too: once she was crowned queen of an apple blossom festival; once she went up the Hudson River in a yacht manned by a crew that had never been afloat before, armed with only the navigational aids that could be deciphered from an outdated Esso road map. She has survived all these adventures with a remarkable consistency of energy, fortitude and, here and there, a little luck.

Mary Elizabeth Altemus Whitney Person Lunn—she is rarely called anything but Liz—is also a fluent and dynamic talker. "I am perfectly horrible on dates, names and places," she told me when I visited her at her Virginia estate shortly before the spring racing campaign began. "I think I was born on June 18, 1908 in a house that William Penn built in Wynnewood, Pa. But then again it could have been June 19th—but, you see, I never somehow got a birth certificate. Anyway, who cares—18th or 19th? My father, Lemuel Altemus, had something to do with a mineral company, I think, but my mother, Bessie Dobson Altemus, had always taken a real interest in horses until she gave it up to devote most of her time to looking after my brother Jimmy and me."

Much of Liz's childhood was passed in the English country home of her grandparents, James and Mary Dobson. "It might have been from them that I really inherited a love for animals. There were always dogs and horses around, and I learned to be with animals, get along with them and love them. I sort of adopted one bitch as my very own. Things were going along fine until she had 13 puppies in the middle of the front hall. Gramps pretended to get furious. He never fooled me for a minute, because I knew that secretly he wanted me to feel the same affection for animals that he did."

LIZ LUNN's disinterest in dates is carried to such extremes that she claims inability to name the years in which she was married—and, in fact, for precisely how long—to each of her three husbands, first John Hay Whitney, then the late Dr. E. Cooper Person Jr. and currently Richard Lunn. Similarly, there is a pronounced uncertainty in recalling and associating certain people with specific past events. But anyone who hasn't known Liz Lunn for a long time is expected to get hurriedly over any wounded pride if he sees her looking curiously at him and then hears her exclaim: "Hey, you there, didn't I see you at that crazy woman's house outside of a town called something-or-other?" And, actually, Liz has a perfectly logical point. "This may sound crazy or something, but I really think people are a lot like animals. If they think you want to be nice to them, they'll lean over backwards to be nice to you. And I'm interested in people, interested in what makes them tick. So I always speak to everybody—at the race track or anyplace else. The whole idea of having to be introduced is so crazy. You can never remember all the people's names, and I think you should talk to anybody. Things would work better if it was that way all over the world—maybe because a little conversation can stop a lot of trouble."

continued



STATELY ENTRANCE of Llangollen's Georgian mansion is setting for Mercedes.

Today Liz Lunn is owner, mistress, general manager, overseer, part-time trainer and full-time No. 1 admirer of Llangollen Farm, a vast 4,000-acre establisbment, which is situated some 50 miles from Washington in Virginia's Piedmont Valley and which also gives its name to one of America's great racing stables. Horses carrying Llangollen (a Welsb name meaning "land's end") silks have accounted for many of the country's leading events in recent years. In 1956 and again last year the stable was third in the nation in money won—on the first occasion trailing only Calumet and Rex Ellsworth and on the second, Calumet and the Kerr Stable, and at the same time outearning other such equally renowned racing establishments as Wheatley Stable, Maine Chance Farm, Claiborne Farm, Hasty House Farm, Greentree Stable and the King Ranch. Even in a racing world which today is peopled more than ever before by women owners (for example: Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, Mrs. Gene Markey, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, Mrs. Ada Rice, Mrs. Henry C. Phipps and Mrs. Allie Reuben), Liz Lunn must stand quite firmly apart. For on at least one point both her detractors and fervent admirers are in absolute agreement: her uncurbable vitality and her passion for horses have made her one of the world's greatest horsewomen.

As a person so closely allied to the turf, Liz Lunn is—or so it seems—almost always on the move. True to the tradition of the wandering horseman, she puts in an annual appearance at the leading sales and at such Thoroughbred racing centers as Belmont Park, Saratoga, Hialeah, Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Arlington, Washington Park, Laurel and Pimlico. When she is at none of these public spots the best way to find her is to look in on ber Florida yacht, her ranch in California or—better yet—Llangollen Farm.

The musty interior of the Georgian mansion at Llangollen, whether full of laughing house guests or left to the care of an easygoing staff of caretakers, is home for Liz. Around the grounds are horses—hundreds of them—as well as purebred Herefords, Guernseys, dozens of dogs and a staff of about 30 men and women who regard Liz not only as the mistress of this entire ménage but as a sort of unpredictable monarch of all she surveys. An order countermanded 10 minutes after it is given is as routine, for example, as the sight of the mistress returning late in the afternoon followed by a retinue of 10 "best friends" suddenly urged to come for dinner.

As may be imagined, the confusion can at times be somewhat nerve-shattering. It would be considerably more so were it not for the presence of Liz Lunn's unruffled first lieutenant, a

MARY ELIZABETH ALTEMUS—ONE OF PHILADELPHIA'S UNFORGETTABLE BEAUTIES





POSTWARD IN A LADY'S FLAT RACE



UP AND OVER IN THE SHOW RING

sort of Llangollen ambassador-at-large named Dabney Simpson. Mr. Simpson, as he is called by the other employees, is not quite the prototype of Noël Coward's "master of the back hall" but, nonetheless, as he stalks the house in gray flannels and a sports shirt, he manages a variety of jobs that in any given day might include the morning marketing, issuing orders pertaining to the location of postholes for a new fence, driving up to the Washington airport to pick up an incoming house guest, assisting at the delivery of a litter of great Danes, walking a "discouraged" kitchen maid around the garden to remind her that life could be worse, informing his mistress of latest local gossip during the afternoon cocktail hour, issuing new orders pertaining to the location of postholes (after the first ones have already been dug) and, finally, the serving of dinner.

Dabney Simpson has been with Liz Lunn for more than 20 years, and it is his knowing face that usually greets a visitor stepping into Llangollen's great front hall. If it is morning and if Liz has not been up early working with the horses or gone hunting, Dabney will lead the guest into a lovely large paneled living room and announce politely, "Mrs. Lunn will be down soon." This usually means one o'clock.

THE noise of Liz's approach can be compared with those exhilarating sounds that so excite little boys and girls when it is discovered at last that the pretend Santa Claus has finally arrived at the Christmas party. Only instead of a merry jingling of bells to herald the grand entrance, there comes now a crescendo of scratching feet against the bare floors, a great clinking of metal mixed with varied yips, yaps and growls. And then a final lunging surge and the whole troupe is in the room—Liz in her slacks and turtle-neck sweater preceded, surrounded and followed by dogs of every size and almost every breed--great Danes, Labradors, pointers and terriers.

"When I was a child," said Liz, slumping into the middle of a big leather sofa, "I had a black German police dog, Ebba, and she beat all the dogs in Europe at sheep herding. She finally died and, you know, when you have only one dog it's terrible when something happens to it. I thought it would be different if I had a lot of other dogs, but I find it's still just as terrible when any one of them dies. They all have different characteristics; they are amusing and I love to take care of them."

Liz put out a hand and beckoned to the corner nearest her. "Now, come on, Goonie!" she exclaimed. "You get over here and be sociable." Goonie, an enormous harlequin great Dane, advanced with all the surefootedness of a lion coming up to take a trapped zebra. "Goonie'd never hurt anyone," joked Liz, "but I guess he'd scare you if you didn't know him. Actually Goonie is one of the most remarkable dogs you'll ever see, because he can do just about anything. For one thing, he's more loyal than most animals, and I find that most animals are loyal if you take the trouble to treat them right. Goonie must be about 13 years old now—or thereabouts—and, would you believe it, he is a great retriever; in fact, the greatest thing in the world to shoot over! The way this happened was funny. At the time I was living

continued



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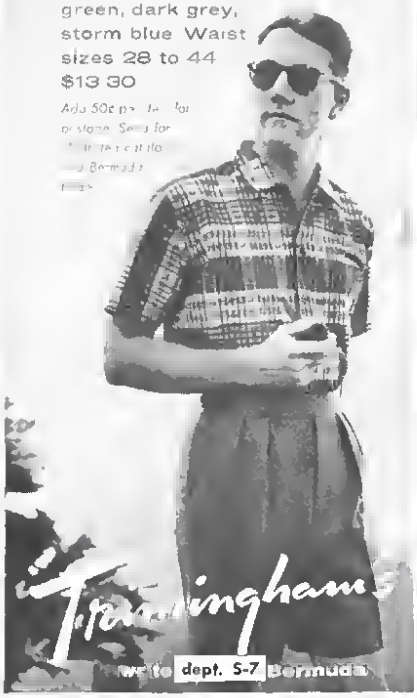


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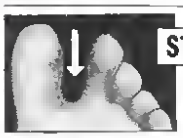
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in an apartment in New York with the Doc [Dr. Person] and spending most of my time training my horses at Belmont. Now, the Doc couldn't see the point of having a great big dog in the middle of New York, and the only reason I was allowed to keep him was by teaching him to be a retriever so the Doc could go shooting with him on weekends. It was some picture: me sitting in the apartment throwing my shoes all over the place trying to teach Goonie to retrieve them. But he was big and strong and keen, and before we finished he became a better retriever than any of the real retrievers."

GOONIE had by now climbed carefully onto the sofa and stretched his mammoth frame from one end to the other. As he dozed with his eyes wide open he appeared to be listening to what his mistress said. "From as early as I can remember I have always loved animals. As a kid I had honey bears, squirrels, raccoons and everything. Once much later, I found a monkey, Chico. It was on a boat coming home from Europe. Chico looked hungry and I bought him. He loved Goonie and used to get on his back and ride around. Then I had a real bear once, but that was a little too much. It was here in Virginia. Elizabeth was its name and she was a girl bear. Jim Wiley [a Virginia breeder] gave her to me for Christmas. He asked me to come out to his car to look at my Christmas present, and when I did this great bear jumped out at me! My God, what are you going to do with a thing like that? Well, I kept her, but she finally got mean, and even though we kept her out on the back lawn, every time you'd go by on the way to the stables she'd hit the end of that chain and swipe at you."

Liz laughed at her own story and threw her head back against the sofa. As she stroked her long gray hair, her beautiful brown eyes slowly surveyed the room around her. "Oh, and that reminds me," she went on. "I once had a wonderful pet deer called Oscar, absolutely the most dreamy animal, he'd come in the house and lie on the sofa. In the daytime when I'd go riding he'd come along and jump the fences."

There was a muffled cooing sort of sound from a dark corner at one side of the enormous fireplace. "My God," exclaimed Liz, rising to her feet. "I almost forgot you, didn't I?" From out of the darkness, now perched somewhat timidly on Liz's arm, appeared a dove that had once no doubt been pure white but that had now acquired a more dusty shade. "Some gal put on an act with a lot of doves one night at the Saratoga Golf Club," explained Liz. "At the end of the show I bought this one and named her Eleanor after one of my friends."

Liz began pacing the floor of the paneled living room slowly, followed by four or five of the dogs. When she reached the end of the room across from the fireplace she paused to close a door. "Just a bathroom," she said. "Good place for the dogs to get a drink, though—and, besides, I've got a bathtub in there. You'd be surprised how handy it used to be; during cocktails you could go in, have a bath, leave the door partly open and still not miss anything going on out here."

Through the main door another figure now appeared. "This," said Liz, "is Nancy Lee, who helps me out with the paper work in the office up by the stables." Mrs. Lee, who also doubles as the Virginia correspondent for *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*, was armed with notebooks, pencils, letters, racing trade papers and magazines. "I



GOONIE, 13-YEAR-OLD HARLEQUIN GREAT DANE, IS LIZ'S EVER CONSTANT COMPANION

thought," she said, turning to Liz, "that you could give me the answers to some of the letters that have piled up."

"Fine," replied Liz. "Shoot." And she took off on another cruise around the room with Nancy Lee at her elbow ready to scribble dictation as best she could.

"First," said Mrs. Lee, "here's a letter from a man in Ohio who wants to buy a stallion. He doesn't say any more than that. What do you want to tell him?"

"Tell him this! Tell him to let us know what he's willing to pay. We'll then notify him what we've got in that price range and if he's still interested he can come on and look over what we've got. Who's the next letter from?"

"A little girl writes—by the way, she's only 12 and she encloses her picture—to ask if she could take a summer job here next year, working around the horses without pay."

"Ask her to get her family to write me with their approval and then if they want to bring the girl over here for a look around and a talk with us, it's all right with me. Next?"

"A few cards requesting pictures of Mister Gus and Porterhouse."

"Nope, we can't get into that business. Just don't bother to answer those."

"And here," said Nancy Lee, producing a long letter written in a sloppy scrawl, "is something from a man who says he knew you somewhere a long time ago around the race tracks. Seems he now wants to try his hand at training a few horses for you on one of the smaller tracks."

Liz plucked at the letter and quickly browsed through its four pages. Then, looking up with a grin of despair, she finished the matter. "I never heard of him. Throw the letter away."

Nancy Lee turned to go but suddenly remembered something. "Mrs. Lunn, what about going over stakes nominations pretty soon?"

LIZ looked about for her favorite chair and plunked herself down onto a massive green leather job. Turning aside, she flicked a switch, and immediately the chair went into a series of electronic vibrations. "Ah," she moaned, "this is the most wonderful way to relax. But you want to be careful, though. If you stretch the chair out full length you don't want

continued

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to stay in it for more than five minutes or you'll probably get seasick." She stretched out carefully and closed her eyes. For a moment the only noise was the whining hum of the chair's motor, and a sigh from the slumbering Goonie. "Oh, yes, now about those nominations. I tell you what I think we better do. We better write all these nice track owners and tell them that we'd love to take away some of their money but that we'll be damned if we'll nominate for every stake all over the country. If things look good enough for us when the time comes we'll get in with supplementary nominations. It's getting nowadays so a person could go broke just paying nomination fees. Why, in 1956 we must have spent about $25,000 in fees. Something like $10,000 in Chicago alone—and you know what? We ran exactly one horse up there in exactly one race. No more of that stuff for me, thanks."

Dabney Simpson now emerged from the darkness of the hallway, staggering under the load of an enormous silver bowl. "Good God, Mr. Simpson," exclaimed Liz, bounding out of her green leather vibrator, "what is that and what on earth do you do with it?"

"This, Mrs. Lunn," replied Simpson with a flourish that even Coward would have admired, "is what you got for beating Swaps!"

"You mean Porky won this for me?"

"He did indeed. When Porterhouse beat Swaps in the Californian at Hollywood Park this is what they gave you." Simpson struggled out from behind the bulk of the huge bowl and lowered it gingerly to the floor. "I thought, Mrs. Lunn," he continued with a somewhat facetious grin, "we might have a punch for the guests tonight."

"Punch!" roared Liz. "Nobody drinks punch any more—but I tell you what we can use it for. Try it with a load of firewood." Simpson smiled, wheeled and departed, and Liz Lunn sat down to laugh. "Good old Porky, you *would* win me something like that, wouldn't you?"



ON A STABLE VISIT LIZ SHOWERS AFFECTION ON EACH ANIMAL

IF Mrs. Richard Lunn displays a forgivable flair for exaggeration and the dramatic in the drawing room, this trait disappears when the mistress of Llangollen goes out to see her horses, whether they be broodmares at the foaling barn, yearlings on the training track or her older horses under Llangollen's fuchsia and purple silks in a $100,000 race. It is then, despite the fact that she enjoys showing affection by hugging and kissing each and every one of them, that she is serious. Deadly serious. "A good horse," says she, echoing the sentiments of many other knowledgeable horsemen and horsewomen, "is dangerous in anybody's hands—whether it be an owner, a trainer, an exercise boy or a jockey. Some people believe that being affectionate with horses—or with any animals—is crazy. Well, I think those people are crazy. Some people, who are pretty stupid themselves, say that horses haven't any sense. How silly. Look at the way

some horses have an attachment to one groom, and if the groom is missing the horse will nearly always go off his feed. The same way many horses have to have a stablemate or a pet around them—and they'll nearly throw a fit if anything happens to their friend. Is it so difficult to treat a horse the way you'd like to be treated yourself?"

LIZ was strolling slowly by the broodmare barn toward the corral where the Llangollen yearlings would soon be brought to exercise. "I like to get up early in the morning and ride around the track with Charlie just to see what's cooking." The Charlie referred to was Llangollen trainer Charles Whittingham (known, because of a head nearly barren of hair, as the race track's Yul Brynner by fellow horsemen, and jokingly as Sir Charles Whittlesey by Liz herself). "And after a race I always go back to the barn to watch my horses cool out—really just to let them know they have a friend around. Look at it this way: most race horses spend their lives being yelled at from morning to night—from the time the boys come around in the morning and prod around them with pitchforks until the afternoon when everyone is shouting at them. So what do I do? I just think it's nice when a horse can be made to feel that he has a friend who can come and see him and feed him a carrot or a piece of sugar—or just plain love him."

A stop was made by the box stall of an old broodmare. "This is all such a personal thing with me," Liz continued. "Being in the racing business isn't keeping track of how much money you can win, or have won—or could lose. It's wanting to do something that I can do myself—something that I know about. If people remind me that I've had success with horses, first with the show horses and now with racing, my answer is that I've probably had a better time than anyone else because I'm so very close to the whole operation. When the mares foal, I'm generally right with them. I've done all the mating and picked out which is to be bred to which and when the foals are born they are like children to me—and I watch them like children every day. I usually never let anybody break my yearlings unless I'm right there the first time the saddle and bridle are put on. And I never let the yearling

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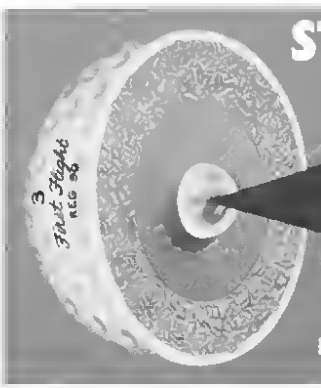
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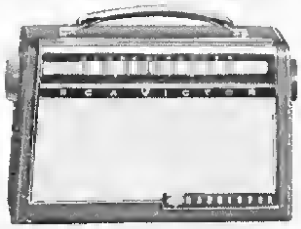
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breeze or go out of a slow canter until I'm ready to supervise that end of it. I don't want them breezed and ruined by a bunch of exercise boys trying to show off in front of one another."

In the yearling corral three young colts were looking timidly about as Liz approached. "All they want," she said, "is to be taught properly, not beaten." Liz went through the corral gate and, taking one colt at a time on the end of a lunge line, she coaxed them over the miniature fences in the tight circle. "Most people," she continued, "are always frightening a horse. Anything that goes wrong is always the horse's fault. Now, if they realized that when horses are left absolutely alone—like a yearling in a corral, for example, to jump—they never fall down. It's my feeling that if you don't jerk around with a horse's mouth, but instead just let him alone, you'll get along fine. The reason is that you're not frightening him all the time.

"But this is a feeling that we are born with, not something that you can be taught. Take a great jockey for example. When Eddie [Arcaro] gets on a horse, he's a natural, certainly not because he's in love with any particular horse, but because he's a natural horseman, with all the right proportions of confidence, rhythm, ability and determination. What's more important is that the horse *knows* it."

THE cattle were grazing on the infield of the Llangollen training track when Liz swung under the outside rail and dug the toe of her boot into the soft sand. "I've always somehow had a way with horses that nobody else could get along with. Maybe it's because I learned to ride on a donkey who throws everything off anyway and knows every trick of the trade. Strange thing, though, this donkey never threw me. The most famous case of my being able to handle an uppity horse was Singing Wood. It was in Saratoga in 1933. Jim Healey, who was training him, was getting him ready for the Futurity. In what was to have been his last workout at Saratoga before we shipped him down to Belmont, Singing Wood just wouldn't do anything. He threw his jockey, Bobby Jones, and Jones was already being carted off to the hospital when I got there—just in time to see the trainer starting back to the

barn. I said I thought this was absolute craziness and let's go back to the main track. We did, and I got on Singing Wood and he went fine. I don't know what it was, but I'm telling you, that colt knew darn well he wasn't going to get away with it with me. And he didn't.

"The point of that story isn't to show what I did but to point out that so many boys think that to show a horse who is boss you have to beat and bang him. Instead the answer in dealing with horses of any sort is to anticipate what they're going to do and then outsmart them. Never wait until they're ducking halfway through a fence or until they've propped and are about to pitch you off. When you get the first flash that it's going to happen, then, brother, that's the time to get with it. In other words, you make the move first, instead of waiting until they've given you the business. This was the way I figured it with Singing Wood, same as I would with a jumper or a hunter. And with Singing Wood it paid off. A few weeks later, with Jones back on him, he won the Belmont Futurity."

DRIVING the back road to Middleburg in her Mercedes-Benz, with large and small dogs bulging against the sides of both front and rear seats, Liz meditated aloud on her faults and virtues. "Trouble with me," she said, "is that I'm always buying and never selling. Can't stand the thought of selling anything. Three old women from Pittsburgh or Chicago—or some place out there—were around one day and I must have spent three hours showing them every hunter on the farm. We went back to the house for a drink, and when they started talking money about buying a couple of horses I found myself saying, for no real reason at all, 'Girls, come back some other time; nothing's for sale.' Why, they must have thought I was nuts."

Through Middleburg's main street the car rolled and on out into the Blue Ridge country again. "Of course, the obvious reason I don't sell more is that I've bred so many of the horses I own, and the ones I've bought at auction for large prices I wouldn't sell for any price. [Nevertheless, Liz recently announced her intention to cut her vast operation down quite drastically, trimming her 300 head nearly in half with sales at Llangollen and in California this month.] The breeding

continued



From Wimbledon to Melbourne to Forest Hills

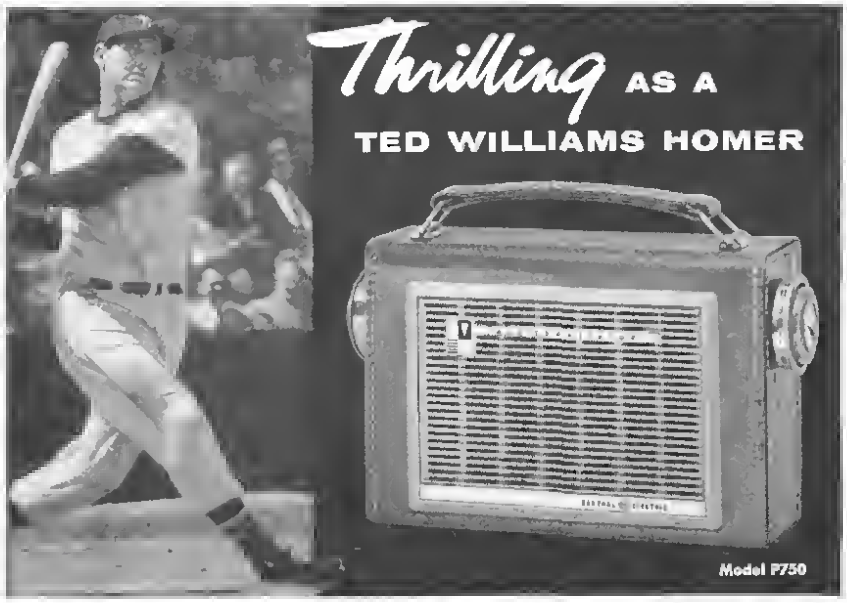
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end of racing fascinates me, and although a lot of people don't agree with some of my theories, nobody yet has found the perfect answer to successful breeding. Now, take my stallion Endeavour II. I've stuck with him and everybody thought I was crazy when I bought him. When he came up from the Argentine he looked terrible, much too thin—and yet, he really had speed. His sire, British Empire, was the leading sire in Argentina. The year Talon won the Santa Anita Handicap [1948], he and Endeavour were stabled in the same barn and worked together, and in all his works Endeavour could have carried a piano in his mouth and beaten Talon doing anything at all. If he hadn't hurt a leg just before the handicap, he would have just galloped. When we got him back to New York and put some groceries into him he really turned it on. He was an iron horse. With the Endeavour fillies I have I'll breed them to the best horses I can find, because I know the Endeavour strain will move any of the stallions up. [Endeavour, sire of Llangollen's 1956 star Porterhouse, is also the sire of Liz's leading 3-year-old, Gone Fishin'.] But, remember, the whole breeding business is a fickle business. I just go along doing what I think is best, and I don't pay any attention to what anybody says. Endeavour today is a big shot and I was the only one who thought he might be. Maybe I'm stupid, but it's worked good so far."

ONE of Llangollen's current question-mark 3-year-olds is Rise 'n' Shine, a colt purchased by Liz for the world-record auction price for a yearling of $87,000 at the Saratoga sales from Taylor Hardin, who, having bought him as a foal in Europe, raised the young gray son of Hyperion at his farm only a few miles from Llangollen. "Funny thing about that colt," said Liz. "I had never seen him at the Hardins' or, in fact, had never seen him gallop or move before that night at Saratoga. And when I went to see him at the sale, the Hardins didn't want to pull him out to show him because they didn't think I was interested. So I told them I couldn't very well be interested in a horse I couldn't see out of the box stall, and that I'd very much like to see if he could walk or if he would fall on his head! In the end I bought him

because he was the best-looking and best-bred [Hyperion-Deodora, by Dante] horse I'd seen in years.

"In a sales ring—or anywhere else, for that matter—I look first of all at a horse's legs to see if they look as though they'd stand training. You look to see that he has good *front* legs. You look for a deep heart, deep girth, wonderful quarters and good balance. A lot of people say it's nice to have a good head—but, on the other hand, if they haven't got good legs but do have a good head you have nothing. The underpinnings, the body are what count, and whether he looks in proportion—just as you'd pick out a good-looking woman or an athlete. You just can't go to a sale and say, 'Oh, hasn't he got a pretty head!' Some people buy that way. Not me."

AFTER DINNER by the fire there was time to relax. Liz had completed a call to Trainer Whittingham and was deep in reflection. "A lot of people think I really interfere with Charlie and his training," said Liz as she settled in the green vibrating chair by the phone. "But when he and I are together with the horses I never tell him anything about training. The reason is simple: two people cannot train one horse. The thing I harp on with Charlie all the time is not to train them too fast and not to work them too fast. I never bet on horses, so there's no reason in the world to work them fast just in order to find out if they're fast enough to bet on them in the afternoon. You can have all the fastest horses in the world who can break all the track records in the mornings and never get anything done in the afternoon. No matter how fast they are, what good is it if they are unsound?

"One of the reasons I think Charlie has been so successful is that he will never run anything but a sound horse. Today we have more older horses in training than most other stables—but I believe in stopping a horse if anything pops up or looks even vaguely wrong. They stay sound or they stay in the barn.

"Occasionally Charlie and I might disagree—but it won't be on training. It'll usually be on something like what race to go in. Now, for example, the race after Mister Gus beat Nashua [the 1956 Woodward Stakes], we should never have run back that soon again against Nashua in the Jockey

continued



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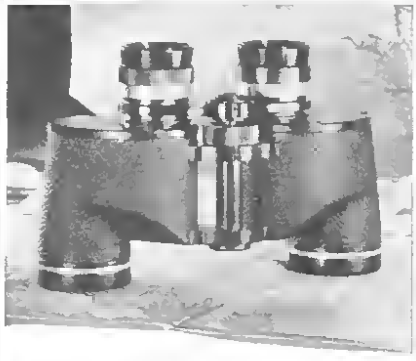
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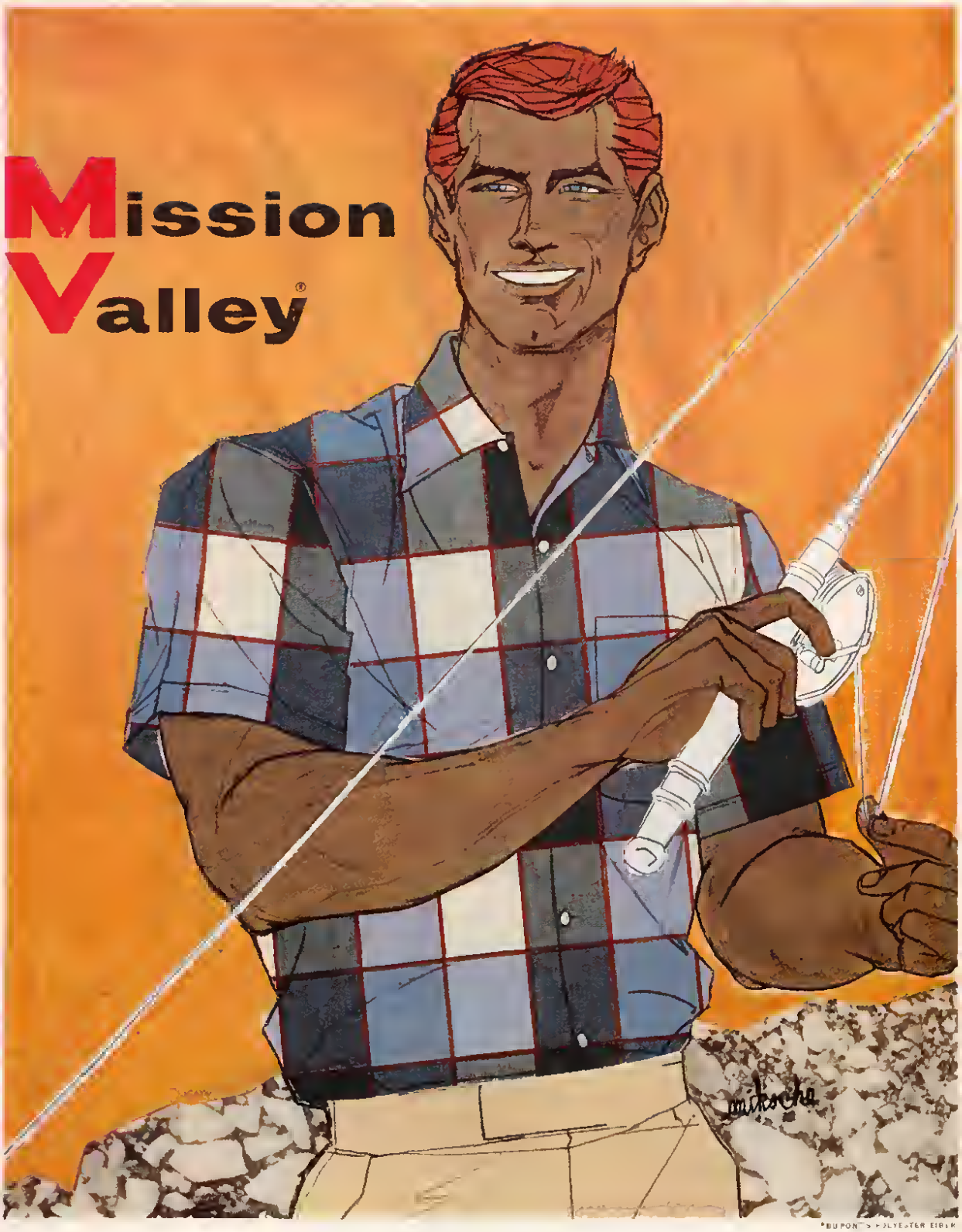
In Canada, write: 5766 Fraser Street, Vancouver, B.C.

Club Gold Cup, and I told Charlie it was foolish to try it, because Mister Gus wasn't a big robust horse. He was a delicate horse, and this was going to be too soon for him. Instead of going after Nashua again we should have gone to Chicago, which would have been the smart way to play it. There was more money, better weight and everything else. But we didn't do it—and we lost."

IT was now getting late, and the fire was slowly dying. Liz had left the chair for the sofa. "I didn't mean what I just said," explained Liz, "as a criticism of Charlie or his training. That could almost come under the heading of racing luck, same as having the best jock on the best horse and seeing them get shut off, and if you can't take the losses with the wins in this game you should never be in racing. There are a lot of people who can't get that through their noggins. As a rule they don't last very long. Maybe more of them would get more enjoyment out of racing if they understood its problems a little better. For instance, if the jockeys are supposed to discuss a horse's problems with the trainers, why shouldn't the owner get into more of those discussions too? You see and hear so much yap and fuss and complaining by owners who say their horses did this or that, and they're always making excuses for their horses when most of the time they don't know what they're talking about. One of the best things I can think of would be for owners to go more often and see movies of the races before showing bad sportsmanship and running off at the mouth so much. Maybe if tracks had a section set aside where owners and trainers could sit together to watch their race it would make for better understanding."

Goonie, looking larger than ever in the flickering light of the embers, got up, yawned and came over to his mistress. "What do you want, old Goon boy?" she asked as she reached out to embrace him. "Maybe you'd like to go quail shooting with us tomorrow, eh? As for me, I guess the only thing I want now is a place in the sun, a horse to ride every day and a few friends around."

Before an answering signal, Liz's eyes closed as she dozed off—and the only noise to be heard was Goonie snoring, for both of them. **END**



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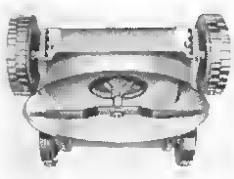
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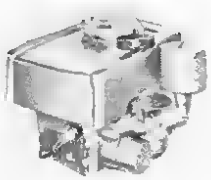
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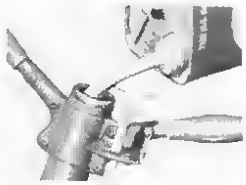
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19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

TENNIS: BY LOVE POSSESSED

Sirs:

May I offer a word of commendation on James Van Alen's remarks on de-emphasizing the service in tennis (*Down with love*, SI, May 26).

This interview fell on fertile soil as far as I am concerned, for I recently had the pleasure of seeing the two top men, Gonzales and Hoad, in action against each other here in Toronto.

After each took a set of good tennis a little on the dull side because of the almost complete absence of rallies—the third set developed into a straight battle of the big serve.

For 24 games, each won his service by sheer power, frequently at love. In the 25th game, Hoad blew an easy smash, then double-faulted twice, and it was all over.

While I was very glad to see the two big shots in action, I must confess that if a return match were billed here in the near future I would pass it up.

H. B. GILBERT

Toronto

Sirs:

Down with *down with love*.

Shortening the service court or moving the service line back would make the player's height a still greater factor in serving. If a player were tall enough he could still smash in a big serve. This change would limit tennis championship play to the tall men, the way basketball is now limited.

HORACE KEESEY III

York, Pa.

Sirs:

I can see only one way to restore the breathtaking type of tennis as played by the greats of yesteryear, and that would be to make it illegal for the server in a singles game to follow his serve to the net.

WILLARD GARNER

Miami

Sirs:

In my opinion, the joy of tennis is cleverly conceived and well-developed strategy which results in winning a point.

I would therefore suggest that James Van Alen's recommendation concerning the de-emphasis of the serve be given serious consideration.

JIM HAZZARD

Wallaceburg, Ont.

Sirs:

I for one hope tennis won't go back to "the days of the Dohertys, Bill Larned and Bill Tilden" as advocated by James Van Alen. To me, nothing is more boring than watching a pair of base-line players rally back and forth for several minutes on each point. The big game with its cannon-ball serve is the most important reason for the increasing popularity of tennis among youngsters and why players like Gonzales and Hoad have taken their place beside the Musials, Cousys and Bannisters.

DONALD SINGER

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs:

As the rules are now, one or two bad games lose only those games and still leave several opportunities to win. But after losing 8 straight points in the 31-point scoring system it would be difficult or even impossible to overcome the opponent's lead.

JIM ROY

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

Van Alen has a point. Much of big-time tennis is becoming boring because of the power serve and weak return and smash routine. I agree that the serve should be made harder to bring back the *rally and the thinking game*.

I cannot agree with his new scoring system. The deuce and 'vantage seesaw is one of the most exciting parts of the game. I recall sets where a man had the vantage against him at set point, deuced the game, won the game and the set. Such heroes are a part of the game.

B. R. CUNNINGHAM-SMITH

San Francisco

MARKS OF DISTINCTION

Sirs:

In your EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, May 19, titled "Yellow Flag for Thirst," the word fellow is used no less than 5 times in the first 22 lines. The fellow who wrote this piece must either have a highly limited vocabulary, or else it was a satire on Bob Considine, and the editor was in on it.

Certain newspaper writers use this word in an apparent attempt to get quite English and elegant. The thing of course sounds silly and it falls flat on its face.

The word is used primarily to denote someone of some distinction, as a Fellow

continued

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

11 A.P. [illegible] 12—[illegible] John G. Heinemann, Hoak [illegible] Vernon Stouffer, B. Harris Studio, Post Intell. [illegible] 18, 19—A.P. 20—A.P. Kemsley 21—[illegible] Herald Central Press, A.P. Hy Peskin, Century Photos 22—Lee Balsley 28-30—drawings by Vo. 31 A.P. 37 bottom, Israel Sherkow 42 John [illegible] on 48, 49—John G. Zimmerman 21 Forsyth [illegible] 50 Anthony Roy [illegible] 53—U.P.I. 58 A.P. 59 [illegible] 56, 59—John G. Zimmerman 70, 71, 74, 76 Whitney Town 73 Fredy Marshall Hawkins, Mrs. Galt Dallas 88 [illegible] Rathbone Town Sun

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of the Royal Geographical Society. It is sometimes used in a derogatory sense, such as a person being a mean, low fellow. These writers had better stick to the word guy and let it go at that.

But even the word guy has a dark and sinister history. It came down from Guy Fawkes who was tortured and executed for trying to blow up the English Parliament. In its original meaning it denoted a tattered-looking, queer-looking person. It has developed here into a favorite slang word.

You are reminded of Stephen Leacock in his treatise on the use of slang. Leacock said that 50 years from now you may pick up the morning paper and read an article which says: "The President of the United States, in receiving the British ambassador, saw that the guy had a skirt with him and courteously lifted his lid."

KENNETH R. PYATT

San Antonio

• Heaven forbid, fellow, no satire on the Considine fellow was intended. Our fellow just found those fellows at the Rolling Greens Country Club strong on fellowship.—ED.

PLANERS (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your article on planing boats (SI, April 28) was a lifesaver. Prior to that issue a lot of us here at St. Joseph's College were going to go in for small class hydros. But now that we know what kind of speeds you can get with windjammers, everybody (except for a few diehard grease monkeys) wants to get in on planing boats. The two boats we were most interested in were Fairey Marine's Firefly and Siddons & Sindle's Jet 14. We were also wondering whether the prices you quoted included the sails, mast and other rigging. So, if you could get us those addresses and the other information, we would be very grateful. Needless to say SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a big favorite around the college. Evidence of that is the rush (stampede would be a better word) to the rec halls to get a look at the new issue on Fridays.

MICHAEL MITCHELL

Mountain View, Calif.

• The Fairey Firefly is available from George O'Day Associates, 9 Newbury Street, Boston. Mr. Mitchell should add $100 to the price quoted for duck main and jib sails. Siddons & Sindle, 31 Sindle Avenue, Little Falls, N.J. has the Jet 14, sails for which run from $100 for cotton to $165 for Dacron.—ED.

TRACK: HIGH SCHOOL RECORDS

Sirs:

I have a request to make about track. I would like to see the best high school times or national records listed.

ROBERT C. RANDALL

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

• Here are the official high school records—along with the holder, home

town and year set—as recognized by the National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations:

100-yard dash :9.4
Jesse Owens, Cleveland, 1933
James Jackson, Alameda, Calif., 1954

220-yard dash :20.7
Jesse Owens, 1933
Eddie Southern, Dallas, 1955

440-yard dash :46.7
Jerry White, Corcoran, Calif., 1956

880-yard run 1:52.3
Don Bowden, San Jose, Calif., 1956

One-mile run 4:16.1
James Bowers, De Kalb, Ill., 1956

120-yard high hurdles (39-inch) :13.9
George Hearn, Ardmore, Pa., 1957

180-yard low hurdles :18.5
Charles Tidwell, Independence, Kans., 1955

High jump 6 feet 9¾ inches
Walter Mangham Jr., New Castle, Pa., 1956

Broad jump 25 feet 4¼ inches
Monte Upshaw, Piedmont, Calif., 1954

Pole vault 15 feet ⅛ inch
James Brewer, Phoenix, 1957

Shotput 64 feet ¾ inch
Clark Branson, Pasadena, 1957

Discus throw 184 feet 2¾ inches
Al Oerter, Floral Park, N.Y., 1954

Javelin throw 222 feet 10¾ inches
Jan Sikorsky, Mount Pleasant, Pa., 1957

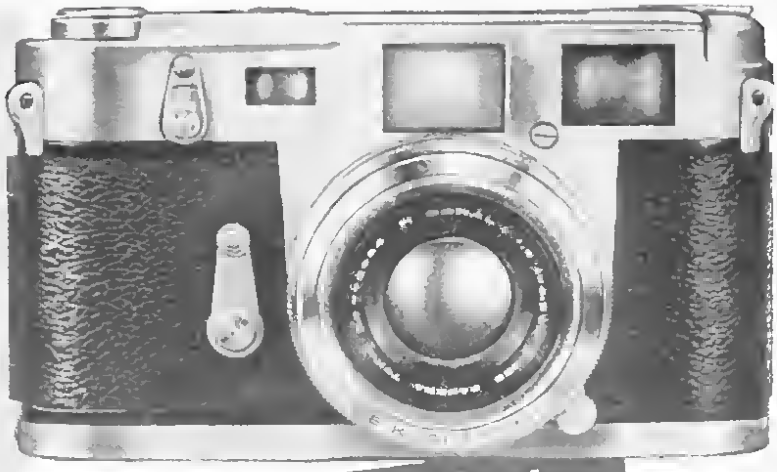
440-yard relay :42.0
Boys H.S., Brooklyn, 1948

880-yard relay 1:25.9
Jefferson H.S., Los Angeles, 1956

One-mile relay 3:17.9
Robert E. Lee H.S., Baytown, Texas, 1955

Two-mile relay 7:56.0
Bellflower H.S., Los Angeles, 1953

So far this season reports have come in that four schoolboy records have been broken and another one equaled, but the new marks have not yet heen officially recognized. Dyrol Burleson, Cottage Grove, Ore., has broken the old mile record by striding the distance in 4:13.2. Dallas Long of Phoenix put the 12-pound shot 67 feet 2 inches to better the official mark by more than 3 feet. At the Penn Relays the St. Francis of Brooklyn mile relay team ticked off the four laps in 3:17.5, took the record away from Lee High School of Baytown, Texas, the holder since 1955. (But on the same day the Brooklyn boys were beating the Texans' records, the Texans were themselves busily occupied in San Antonio, racing to a new mark of 3:31.5 in the sprint medley relay, an unofficial event not carried on the record lists.) Dave Mills of Cleveland knocked one-tenth of a second off the quarter-mile record, sprinted around the circuit in :46.6. In the 100-yard dash Jim Bates of Los Angeles equaled the 9.4 record.—ED.



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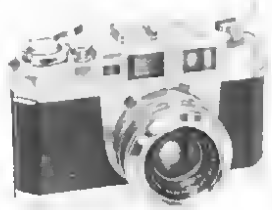
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TAGE KLINGA

'Give me the kids on the sidelines'

Few communities have been able to get down to the brass tacks of starting a fitness program for their young people. The reason: it takes the consistent enthusiasm and practiced skills of a dedicated man to get things started. Jamestown, N.Y. is among the communities fortunate to discover it had such a man.

Tage Klinga, a recent Swedish immigrant accustomed to his country's energetic approach to the fitness-for-all ideal, became thoroughly distressed at the number of children left on the sidelines because they could not make a school team. So Klinga, who has a happy bent for creating enthusiasm for his ideas, asked permission of school aides to teach a group of 40 boys and girls the rudiments of Swedish gymnastics. The experiment turned out a resounding success. Klinga's gymnastics program has spread to all four local schools and to two neighboring communities. Jamestown's parents are impressed and children (as Pat Harvey, *above*) love it: their exhibitions draw basketball-game-size crowds. Today no Jamestown child has to be a sideliner.



IN WET BLACKNESS of deep subterranean pit, amateur cave-explorer gets a hand from veteran "spelunker" Bill Austin. Rubber knee pads help Austin grip ledge as he reaches for novice.



FANTASTIC STALACTITES were lighted by lamps as "spelunkers" crawled through deep, labyrinthine tunnels of unexplored cavern.



SUPERSTITIOUS of cave's "evil spirits," local Indians had never ventured inside. No footprints were found on cave floor.



STALAGMITES LOST GLITTER outside cave. "Spelunkers" were glad to find Canadian Club awaiting them on return to Monterrey.

BLACKOUT RESCUE IN MEXICO'S SUB-CELLAR

"They call it 'spelunking' and the sport of cave exploring is as unusual as its name. In Mexico last month I found it was easier to get into a cave than to get out," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Deep inside an unexplored cavern, a mud ledge gave way beneath me. Only my climbing rope saved me from a black oblivion. By the time my friend Bill Austin reached me, I wanted out. And fast. We made tracks for daylight. Back in the warm sun of Monterrey, we drank to our luck. Canadian Club never tasted better." *Why this whisky's world-wide popularity?* Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



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